

*William Johnston*

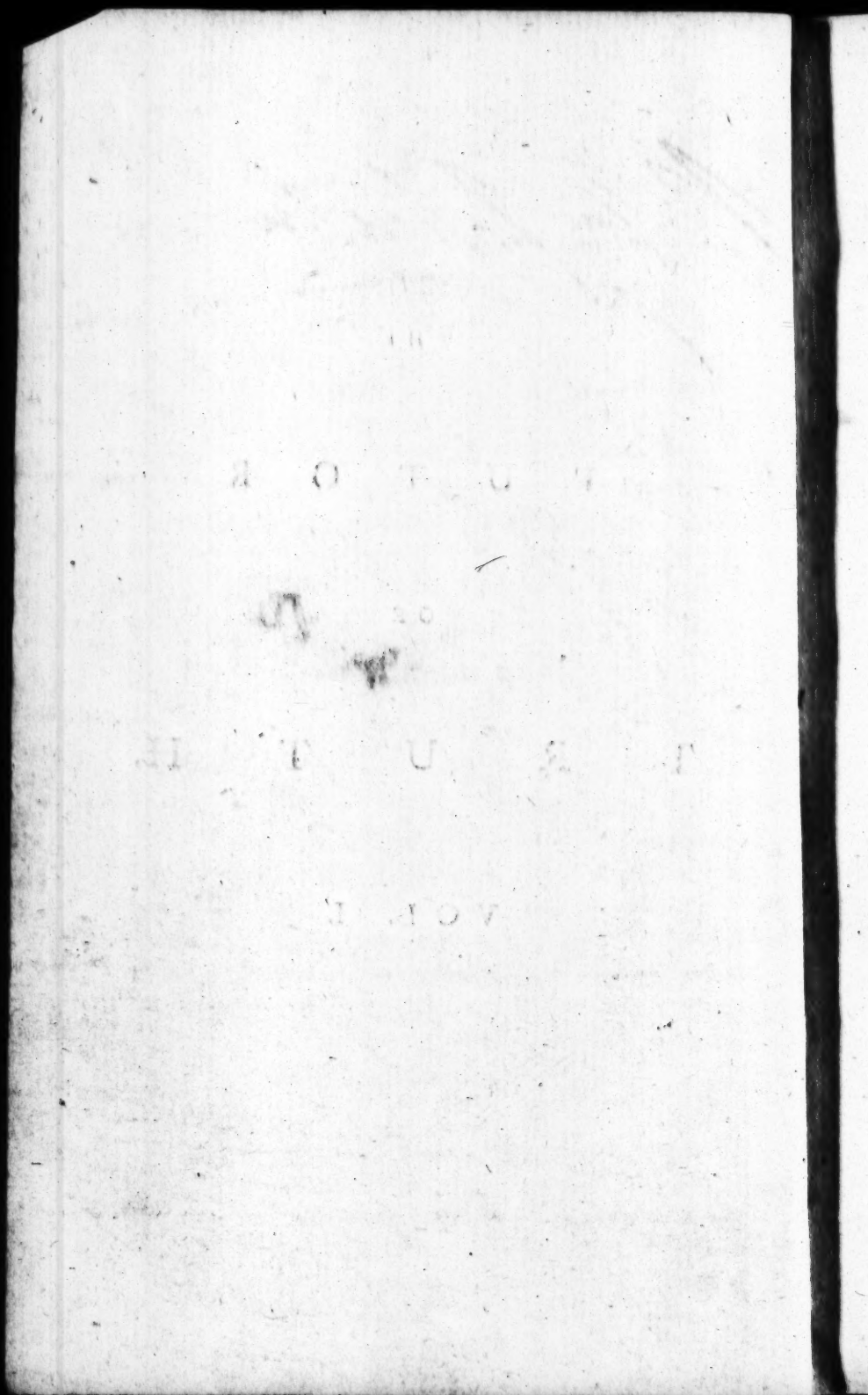
THE

T U T O R

OF

T R U T H.

VOL. I.





THE  
T U T O R  
OF  
T R U T H.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL. I.

---

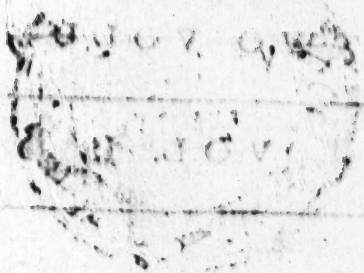


---

D U B L I N:  
PRINTED, FOR C. JACKSON, ANGLESEA-STREET.

MDCCLXXXI.

THE  
T R U S T  
H



DEPT. OF THE  
TREASURY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO  
PRESENTED  
LADY MILLER,

BATH-EASTON VILLA,

THESE  
VOLUMES

ARE  
INSCRIBED,

By her most obedient, and

Obliged humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

---

## P R E F A C E.

A WORK which is in the world, under the title of the PUPIL OF PLEASURE, exemplified that part of a *late celebrated system*, which led immediately to voluptuousness, hypocrisy, and seduction. It was, therefore, a faint mark for literary ridicule. The peculiar success of my undertaking, and the general esteem it still maintains, (notwithstanding the wilful, or the ignorant, perversions of a few individuals, who affected to have their scruples concerning the character of *Sedley*) convince me that I did not write in vain.

BUT, methinks, something very essential yet remains to be done. There is a much *better*, as well as a much more *brilliant, system* still to be illustrated; the system of integrity and TRUTH.

THIS is attempted in the *present* performance, where the reader will see, in contrast to the *Pupil of Pleasure*, a character of a very different colouring figure before him. One, who, though even more accomplished than SEDLEY, with all his fire, spirit and opportunity, as well as every personal advantage, employs each in the cause, not of ruin, but *sincerity*.

It

It has been endeavoured also, that the scenes, in which, this new personage is engaged, should be so disposed, as to give full scope for all that is just, affecting and ennobled, without departing from human nature. The Hero of *this* production, like that of the *other*, hath many struggles, and many anxieties; for virtue (with respect to *ordinary* successes and rewards) is not always fortunate: but between the two heroes there is, throughout their adventures, this distinguishing difference; the one hath the pangs of *remorse* superadded to those of shame and despair; and the sufferings of the other, like the agonies of a Messiah, are always for the truth, and for the happiness of others. All that the best men in the world can say to themselves is comprized in this couplet of the poet.

“ ’Tis not in mortals to *command* success,

“ But w’e’ll do *more*, Sempronius, we’ll *deserve* it.”

THERE have been those (whether in the spirit of criticism, or from principle, I cannot tell) who have warned the young and sober against the *warmth of character* in the *Pupil of Pleasure*: surely, a little thinking might reconcile to them, (as to the rest of the world) the propriety of painting vice in strong colours, in order to bring it into contempt. That very SEDLEY, who sets out, with all the graces of *Chesterfield* in his train, soon loses his credit with the reader; he fades, towards the conclusion, more and more in every page; and at last he becomes a desperate, detested



detested man, on whose grave even Pity herself, can scarce be prevailed on to shed a tear.

IF, however, this objection, in the breast of any one, still subsists against me, it would be a piece of justice not unworthy the *true* critic, if he would take upon him to recommend the character of *Captain Carlisle* in this work, as officiously as he has discommended that of Mr. SEDLEY, in the other. In real fact, SEDLEY is the *shade* which will set CARLISLE in the proper *light*; and, although the *stories* through which I have conveyed the moral, are utterly different, yet those, who are candid enough to conceive a book of this kind may be made *systematic*, and who may read the two performances *together*, will, I flatter myself, perceive a connexion (with regard to system) not wholly inapposite.

IN fine, *Sedley* is a monster, and *Carlisle* is a man. Let them be accurately compared, and read only with this view, whenever they are in the hands of the young. As SEDLEY is the object of escape and abhorrence; CARLISLE is that of intimacy and imitation. He is much embarrassed, but he has honour to bear him up: he is purposely plunged in difficulty, that his *truth* might be the more tried; and that, *being* tried, it might, like fine gold from the fire, come forth the purer. He is *Sedley's* opposite in every particular, except the attractions of form (which were given to SEDLEY also only to render *Chesterfieldism* more exact). CARLISLE protects the innocence

cence that he might have destroyed; he spares the chastity that he might have violated; he endeavours to preserve the wife, whom he might have ruined: he has all the policy of prudence, without deviating from *truth*: he is graced with every polishing ornament of character: instead of *corrupting*, he *enriches* society.

THAT the hero of the present work might have every *ultimate* advantage, so as to bring the *moral* which his adventures convey, more forcibly home to the business and bosom of the reader, he appears, at different times, in all the amiable *lights* of which his picture is susceptible. Amongst these, the honour of his friendships, the tenderesses of his love, the delicacy of his sufferings, his discretion under embarrassments, and his courage in exigencies, will not escape the attentive reader. It should be noted, also, that the contrast of the present, with the former performance, receives still greater force, by the introduction of other sketches which will be found here; particularly the short scenes that belong to Mr. *Henry Hewson*, and his brother. These characters are interwoven, not so much to enliven, and relieve the deepness of the pathetic in the other parts, as to give greater elucidation to the *system*. With the like view, the characters of the fighting *Medway*, and the fearful, frolicksome Sir *Andrew Flight*, have been admitted, as have those of Mr. *Lascelles*, the *Marchioness of N\*\*\**, and *Lucia De Grey*. It is hoped, these all promote the moral as much as they contribute



to the interests of the fable: for example, *Sedley*, the Pupil of Pleasure, was uniformly vicious, deceitful, and reprobate, and therefore *died*. Captain *Carlisle*, the Tutor of Truth, is invariably just, ingenuous, and good, and therefore *lives*. *Sedley* often felt the stroke of ill success, but consoled himself in the worst of times with the hope of accomplishing his wicked wishes at last. *Carlisle* is sensible of disappointment too, but is kept from paroxysms of despair by a silent appeal to his conscience. *Lascelles* is at once rakish, false, dissolute, and therefore meets with punishment. The *Marchioness of N\*\*\**, though pitiable, is also an object of terror to be held up to the female world, since the same imprudence will naturally lead to the same misfortunes. The Earl and Countess of *Blessingbourne* are brought into this work, to shew, that, *true politeness* and *the Graces*, are charms independent of mere rank, titles, or estate: the family of the *Hewsons* are here, to prove, that *true politeness* and *the Graces* are not to be bought, as mere marketable commodities, whenever a man happens to have money to spare; and to prove likewise, that neither rustic manners on the one hand, nor bookish pedantry on the other, will enable men to leave the farm-house and the cloyster, to figure, more respectably, in a state of refinement. In full opposition to *all* these, therefore, the Hero of this work is produced. He is as truly polite as he is truly generous, and, agreeable to the title given to him at setting out—He is A TUTOR OF TRUTH.

---

T H E  
TUTOR OF TRUTH.



L E T T E R I.

Helter Skelter Hall.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. GABRIEL  
HEWSON.

Brother GAB,

ACCORDING to custom, I am to send you joy upon the *cession* of grandfather's *stealing* off. As you and I were *in at the death*, and got such a swinging *edition* to our fortune, it would be the *most ungratefullest* thing in the world not to pray for the peace of the old fellow's soul, seeing too, that his body is now out of the way. Our Parson says, it behoves us to *direct* a bit of a monument to his memory: for my part, I see no matter in these same monuments: none of the folk of our country need to be told what concerns old *Heidedger Hewson*; and so, what's the use of making a long *preachment*, and flourishing away upon a marble slab, about a dead man?

VOL. I.

B

Parson

## 2 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Parson prates so much about *gratitude*, that I begin to think he *magines* we ought to tell it on tomb-stone about our fortune. As 'tis a strange affair altogether, I have a good mine to do this—nay, I have already drawn up a piece of writing, which I send you: let me know in your answer by Nicholas the carrier, whether 'twill do, and whether you will be half the moneey towards the *direction* of the monument, seeing as how, gold letters, and church masonry, and indeed all business about dead *corpses*, comes heavy. But yet, I think, we ought to *touch off* the old fellow with a few flourishes, seeing that somebody may do the same for us one day or another. Let me know how you *feel yourself*, since you became a man of fortune. Do you eat, sleep, talk, walk as you did?—For *my* part—but I won't tell you a sillabel, 'till you answer me. I shall only say, at present, that I find I am no more the man I was since my fortune, than a hare is like a hand-saw. Nevertheless,

I am, as much as ever,

Your loving brother,  
to command,

HARRY HEWSON.

P. S.

P. S.

I *ha'n't* the gift of writing; so, *maybe* you *won't* easily *hit of* my letter: besides, my head aches with thinking *about my fortune*, and then, I am as stupid as a hound. Wife is turned a madcap, so I don't mention her, only just to tell you she an't the woman she was.

The inclosed Epitaph,  
Intended by Mr. H. HEWSON for his grandfather  
HEIDEDGER's Monument.

Here (or Hereabouts)  
Lies Mr. Heidedger *Hewson*,  
Who having *No Son*,  
Nor *Daughter*,  
To come *ater*,  
Did, when he was but bone and skin,  
Leave all to us, his next of kin;  
Wherefore this marble slab  
(Out of respect,  
To shew we don't neglect,)  
Was built by I, and GAB.  
HENRY HEWSON.

4 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

L E T T E R II.

Mr. GABRIEL to Mr. HENRY HEWSON.

Sombre Hedges.

Brother HENRY,

**I**F any thing which relateth to that awful period, to which all human beings are precipitating, and to which all that hath *vivification* must soon arrive—that period, whereto every thing that is now sporting in the *jollities of sanity* must sooner or later come—I say, brother, were it possible for any thing so awful, so moral, so moving, so—all that—to suffer the face to be upon the smile, I could *border upon the simper* at certain turns in your epistle. There are some few words in your favour mis-spelled: for instance; the words *caſſion*, *preachment*, *magines*, *corpſeſſes*, &c. have not yet come under those eyes which have, from first to last, dipt into twenty thousand compositions. Neither is your epitaph devoid of inaccuracies: there being neither pathos in your poetry, nor chastity in your rhyme, all which is absolutely necessary to the present times. *No ſon* does not echo very melodiously to *Hewſon*: *daughter* and *ater* might be improved: *kin* and *ſkin* are so very near, my dear HENRY, that they absolutely seem one flesh; their *sounds* are too similar: *reſpect* and *neglect* may do: but *ſlab* and *Gab* are the most preposterous



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 5

preposterous words that ever terminated in the way of verse, since rhyming began: nor is a tombstone, with any propriety, called a marble slab.—No, HARRY, no—your meaning is, as it ought to be: but, for your poetry, the less you have to do with the Muses the better: at least wait a little till my dictionary comes out, and then if you have but a ray of Apollo, it will have it out of you; for I will take on me to say no work extant, that *is*, or that *shall* be, will give a man such a knack, or kindle in him such a *furor Phæbi*, as I may call it, as my dictionary.

As to the monument, I cherish your Parson's idea, and will readily pay my *quota*. Pray submit to your clerical friend, who, doubtless, is a judge of these matters, the following inscription. 'Tis written *calamo currente*, and therefore its purities are *questionable*, but the idea is perhaps as competent as it should be.

### I N S C R I P T I O N.

The Tenderneſs of Conſanguinity,

Warmed by Benefaction

In the Boſom of two Brothers,

HENRY and GABRIEL,

Hath cauſed

To be indented upon the unconſcious Marble,

Theſe Letters of Gratitude

To the Memory

Of

HEIDEDGER HEWSON, Eſq.

Who,

6 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Who, tho' basking in the *Benignance* of Fortune,  
Was venerated by the Poor :  
And whose *Longevity*, tho' it brought on *Imbecillity*,  
Was not burthensome  
To his Family.

I WILL reply, brother HENRY, by post, to  
the other parts of your letter. NICHOLAS  
waits for this, so that I cannot be explicit, and  
besides which, I am as little as you the man I  
was, tho' I am, always,

Your affectionate brother,  
GABRIEL HEWSON.

L E T T E R III.

Mr. HENRY to Mr. GABRIEL.

In answer.

IT's a lye, GAB ; it's all a confounded lye ;  
you are just the man you ever was to a T : or, if  
there is any alteration, 'tis ninety times nine out of  
a hundred for the worse. You was always a *fel-*  
*ler* who run rambling round about a story, and  
never come to the end *on't* ; you know you was.  
You always talked forty times more than needs  
must, and the devil a word did you say to the pint,  
*ater* all. Thof you are a fine scholar, I'l make  
five words go better to a bargain than you can  
ten, at any time : *cufs* me, if I believe you un-  
derstand half you say, *yourself*. Don't you re-  
member



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 7

member, once at Skelter wake, when a lady, your partner, fainted away with dancing, and lost her handkerchief, you said—I shall never forget it—“*the sudorifical drops stood on azure forehead,*” when the poor wench might have SWEATED (for that, it seems, was your meaning) her heart out for you; for the devil an inch will you stir when that flea bites, till all that is in your *cuss’d* crinkum-crankum cranium comes out. And pray, wise Sir, who is obliged to understand your grecum, latinum lingo, do you think? *I* was not cramb’d with such conundrums when I was young, and I *am* sorry for it, now I’m turn’d of thirty.

WITH regard to the answer you have made me, ’tis no answer at all: instead of talking of your old grandfather’s monument, you have been plaguing yourself with my *noson*, and *Hewson*, daughter and *ater*, *kin* and *skin*, *Gab* and *slab*; though, if the truth were known, they are as good as your *cillity* and *gevity*, *nignance* and *guinity*, and the like. And as to your *dictionary*, it may go, for HARRY. To cut the matter short, brother, I wrote to you a very civil, reasonable letter, and in return, you have sent me a *cussed* thing of which I can make neither head nor tail, only I can see plain enough that you think yourself a very clever fellow, and I no wiser than I should be; for that matter, GAB, none of your family were conjurors, and I don’t believe you are the *sensiblest* o’um neither. But to  
come

## 8 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

come to the point : do you choose to answer my letter ? Saying I write like a fool, is saying nothing. I want to know whether, setting aside your Greek and Latin, you are the man you was. I have reasons good for *axing* this, and if you don't like to make answer, why you have only to say so, and you never shall be troubled again by

HENRY HEWSON.

## L E T T E R IV.

ROBERT DE GREY, Esq; to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

Prudence Green.

Dear WARD,

**Y**OU did ill, to reply so severely as you seem to have done, to your brother HENRY : literature, you know, is not his province, and besides, if it were, you should not touch him on a part where every man upon earth is susceptible of smart. A person may ever receive a wound, if you aim at his understanding. My dear and amiable Ward, Mr. *Carlisle*, is so aware of this, that, though he is never guilty of a *falsehood*, I do not think he ever hurt a man in *his own esteem*, in his life. I expect you will pay so much honour to an old friend's advice as to make all up with HENRY directly. He is a very honest, odd man : you have read and lived to little effect,

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 9

fect, if you do not believe there are some things  
to pardon in yourself. Adieu!

ROBERT DE GREY.

## LETTER V.

Mr. GABRIEL to HENRY HEWSON.

I MEANT no ill-nature to my dear HENRY  
by my last—fraternal tranquillity is the first wish  
of my heart; and I write this hasty note, to  
crave pardon for having unintentionally offended  
*him*, whom the feelings of a brother, as well as  
the sovereign laws of Nature, *our imperial mis-*  
*treß*, conjoin to render dear as “the ruddy  
drops” that *animate the pulse* of

GABRIEL HEWSON.

P. S. I will reply to your first letter, fully,  
to-morrow; and deposit with you all the secrets  
that are in the recesses of my soul.

## LETTER VI.

Mr. HENRY to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

Dear GABBY,

ENOUGH said. I wish I had hold of your  
hand, that I might shake it: if it was not for  
those cursed fellows, *Ocrates*, *Ophacles*, *Trully*,  
and *Omare*, who, sometimes, put you almost

## TO THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

*beside yourself*, I know we should never exchange a warm word. I lov'd you when you was not worth a coat off and a coat on: I like you neither more nor less, now you are worth ten thousand pound. So write me all about what I desire, and I will then tell you *why*.

I am, in good will,

Your loving brother,

HENRY HEWSON.

## L E T T E R VII.

Mrs. HENRIETTA HEWSON to Miss DE GREY.

Madam,

**T**HE pleasure I expected in your company this season at Helter Skelter Hall must, of necessity, be postponed till the summer following. Every thing is at sixes and sevens; besides which, the large addition to my fortune makes it very improper I should see my friends in the *bugger-mugger* manner I did, while I was as poor as my neighbours. I have positively found out, my dear DE GREY, that there is not a single room in this up and down old mansion fit to sit in, much less to receive the most delicate of her sex. But since I am deprived of the pleasure I expected in having you with me, as usual, I propose to commence a correspondence with you, that I may tell you from time to time how we  
go

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 11

go on in those alterations that I am resolved immediately to make. I design to fit up the sweetest retreat in the universe, your father's not excepted—I say *retreat*, because I shall occasionally retreat to it: for, I certainly shall not pass my winters for the future out of Pall-Mall (*that* is, I think I have heard you say, the best quarter of the town) besides its having the double recommendation of being the winter residence of Miss DE GREY.

JUST as I writ your name, I happened to look at the chimney-piece, and I absolutely thought it had undergone a perfect change within this week; as, indeed, in my opinion, hath every thing about the house. I cannot look at an object in the hall or the great garden that does not disgust me. Heaven have mercy on me! how they wanted taste in building formerly! Such huge, horrid, outward doors, studded with such monstrous knobs of iron; such dreadful arches to every entrance, like the porches of ugly stonework before a church; such corners, lanes, entries, and alleys, running like labyrinths through every room: the fire-places so large, the windows so little, the glass of them so diminutive, the wainscotings so figured, the beams so bulky, and the passages so dark and dirty, that they seem built rather to be the dens for beasts of prey, than for such harmless little creatures as men and women. Then the gardens are as hideous as the habitations: only to think, LUCIA,  
of



## 12 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

of a *com-sumed* great mote, divided only by a nasty drawbridge, running quite round the mansion, most gloriously cropped with duckweed, and inviting all the fowls of the air to flap their wings and feed about us, to the great annoyance of sleep and every other comfort. Add to this, the gardens *themselves*—I am now lifting up my head from the vulgar old table on which I am writing, and I am taking—I declare to you, almost with tears in my eyes—a view of our precious platform. I behold in prospect about three acres of ground; as completely murdered in the disposition, as a modern gardener could wish; eight-and-twenty yew-trees, interspersed with an equal number of boxes and hollies, rise before me, to whose flourishing shades I am to attribute half the vermin that swarm like a pestilence about us. Let not the abominable walls that surround our dwelling and its environs, be forgotten; high above all height; brown above every thing embrowned.—But I have not patience to proceed. And shall I invite the lovely LUCIA to this Gothic scene? No, LUCIA, no; now that kind Fortune hath put it into my power, I will level with the dust this ruinous pile of building, and raise up in its stead so different a structure, that the very ground shall thank me for *dressing it out* so charmingly. The moment I have completed my design you shall come and confess I have a relish for improvements. I have, this moment, the exact image of my intentions. Where there are now mountains,

tains, will I make vallies; where there are at present crops of nettles, or vulgar flowers that are to me worse than nettles, will I set rows of lilies and beds of roses; roses I mean of *moss*, that scarce burst forth from the bearded bud, elegant, small, odoriferous, and not such glaring, flashing, old-fashioned things, as figure away in our garden, that look as if the seeds were sown and the trees planted immediately after the fall; just when all the beautiful in Nature first felt the curse upon it. As to the yew-trees, I will not leave one of them alive, no not even that which is cut into the form of a sugar-loaf; and, so inveterate is my vengeance in regard to these, that I will, yea even after they are sell'd—make the infected wretches perform quarantine at a mile's distance, in open air, before I will allow them the honour of being *burned* in my presence: as to my old friend the *mole*, with whom I have exchanged watry looks, ever since I saw him, I will cause all his channels to be dried up, and *terra firma*, as brother GAB calls it, to flourish about him. The draw-bridge will I also remove, and, to shew my dislike and ridicule of such an antique, I will substitute, by way of mockery and the mode, an ha! ha! in his stead. Neither shall any part of our *house furniture* fare better, for there shall be a general *clearance*. Stage heads shall give place to Hogarth's prints: family pictures, notwithstanding the large ruffs on my grandmother's neck, the whiskers on my great uncle's upper lip, and the profusion of chitlerlin  
on



## 14 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

on my god-papa's bosom, must all yield to politer decorations.—In short, I will create a paradise about me, and that without delay. In the mean time, I will *commence* the woman of fashion, by giving orders never to be seen by any body but tradesmen, till I am all *to-rights*—not even by LUCIA DE GREY. How I shall bring Mr. HEWSON over to this genteel way of thinking, I don't know; particularly as he is not, you know, the best bred man in the world. However, done it must be—that's flat; for I cannot breathe any longer in such a place! Oh Heavens, how have I breath'd so long! It is equally an affront to my person, my understanding, and my fortune! If any little ornaments strike *you*, that may assist my scheme of embellishing, pray think of them in your next. I design to call one of my new rooms *Lucia's Saloon*. Pray, therefore, let LUCIA's fancy assist me in fitting it up.

Adieu! Adieu!

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

P. S. Have you had any news yet of Captain CARLISLE?

# THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 15

## L E T T E R VIII.

Mr. GABRIEL to Mr. HENRY HEWSON.

Sombre Hedges.

**Y**E S, brother, yes: thou beloved branch of the same family; thou dear scyon of the same stock; I again confess, I am not, in any degree, the man I was. 'This sudden *gale of gay Prosperity*, whose beams are so burnished to the eyes of fragile mortals, hath, I confess, a good deal interrupted the *economy of my former affairs*; which were too scanty to distract attention, and too abstract from all *circumvolutions* to require much *mathematical diligence*. Two days before the sudden exit of *him*, to whom I am indebted for this weight of wealth, I was as still and studious a man, as bachelorship and neat 64*l.* 11*s.* *per annum* could make me. I had a decent collection of classics; I had Homer, in honest sheepskin binding; Horace, with a little edging of gold; and Cicero, my dear Cleero, with his name upon the back of every volume. I had, besides, just such a household, as suited well the *propensities of my sequestered notions*. I had an old creature, who prepared my beverage, and was so used to my humour, that she always went out to cough, when I was at my studies: I had a toothless dog, that slept away his leisure, and was too feeble to disturb me by barking; and my cat was the quietest animal that ever purred  
at

## 16 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

at the elbow of a scholar in a cloister: Sombre Hedges were exactly to my passion. The two prodigious trees, whose *overshadowing ramifications* spread, the *sublime of darkness visible* over my cottage, gave such a *set-off* to my study, that I was absolutely the hero of an hermitage, I sat and read, till I fancied myself, in *the fervor of the intellectual feelings*, a philosopher in the shades. In the dim hour of evening I used to be the companion of the footy-pinioned bat, and walked forth to meditate on the readings I had made in the day. I rejoiced in the name that the people of the village gave me, and I had a secret pride in seeing them in the twilight, stealing a look at the learned gentleman in the dark house i'th' midst of Sombre Hedges. I was just lighting up my lamp, and sitting down to a chapter of Cicero, with Grimalkin by my side, when news of my new honours broke like too mighty a flood of light, upon the serenity of my darkness. I was dazzled, and knew not what to do. For want of habitude, wealth, like a robe first put on, and made *not con-souant to our usual fashion*, sat uneasy upon me. As my soul was not fitted to my fortune, neither was my fortune fitted to my soul. I hit upon a passage, where Tully, the prince of Latian eloquence, recommended an equal mind in all revolutions; an hour *before*, I should have given to the very printed page an holy kiss of approbation, but, at present, it was no such matter:—I was now to consider myself as master of ten thousand pounds, and I was taken so unawares that I trimmed

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 17

med my lamp in order to see the *will* clearer; and when I had the misfortune to find the thing was *certain*, I was much agitated, and crept at length into the closet, which contained the wholesome bed of a scholar, upon the surface of which I laid down, with a heart that throbb'd, and a head that ach'd till the morning.

I ROSE early, brother, but not to my accustomed satisfaction, for I found my feelings were altered. Those small, but dear attentions, which the day before belonged to an estate of 60*l.* *per* year, were over. I could not any longer think I was the proprietor of a snug box, when the load of ten thousand pounds fell abruptly upon my shoulders in the lump. I never looked into a book that whole day, and to say truth, I hardly thought there was a *cover* in my study fit to come into the hand of a man of fortune. Was it not some Demon, think you, that put it into my head to take down, three days after, the only *concomb* volume in my whole library? and the scope of this was to recommend taste, elegance, fashion, and commerce with men, on purpose to give a finishing to the man of speculation. With an avidity for which I despise myself, did I peruse this work quite through, and from that moment I became a prophane, excentric, dissipated fellow. I said unto the woodman, Fell me those horrid trees that hide me from *the blooming face of Phœbus*; down instantly with these children of darkness, that there may be light. I am ashamed  
to

## 10 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

to tell you, that I directed my windows to be cleaned; yea, even the little lattice that emitted scarce half a sun-beam into my library, and which was almost vegetable with the over-growth of ivy, did I order to be laid bare to all the splendours of day—Why should I conceal the most *egregious* of my follies? I have at this minute two artificers in my house, and perhaps the passion may gain such sway in a few hours, that, by to-morrow, the corner-stone of the building may not be suffered to stand. I am already *not* the dark gentleman of Sombre Hedges, but the poor fellow who hath, like a swallow in the winter, emerged unseasonably from his corner, to blind himself with light. Upon the whole, my heart, like my house, is totally disarranged. I pray Heaven, *yours* may be more composed, and I hope to hear, that your hopes and happiness stand just where they did, before the death of our kinsman HEIDEDGER.

I am, dear brother,

Your's,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

LETTER



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 19

### L E T T E R IX.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. GABRIEL.

In answer.

**I** LIKE you ten times better than ever; for I finds *you* are as much altered as *I* am. There never was a more miserable dog than either of us. I dare not say this *before*, for fear you should laugh at me; but now, that I find you are as strange a fellow as myself, I tell you, without farther *permable*, that I hant shot a partridge *this* three weeks, and my dogs are yelping in the kennel for fresh air and their sport. People now give me so much *joy* when I go about, that I am quite miserable. My wife HETTY, too, has been *at* me about *pliteness*, and bids me look in the glafs to see if it is not a sin and a shame, for such a *parsonable* man as I to go such a figure, and shut myself up in an old timber house among hounds and horses, guns and game traps. She says I should be a very *fightly* man, if beard was smoothed oftner, and ruffles put on wrist-bands, after the fashion of young Captain CARLISLE. She says, too, we might now alter our course of life, and live upon our wealth like Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, in a different guess place than Helter Skelter Hall. Upon this I clapt me on a clean shirt, and a pair of silken stockings; after I had doft leathern hunting breeches; and, without *shamming*,

## 20 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

*Swamming*, I verily thought, what with the powder in my hair, and ribbon behind in beau-knot, not forgetting black crevat, which the jade tied so as to make me look—I don't know how—I was one of your *bettermost* persons. As I was walking along the large hall thus *quipp'd*, old Dashgrove, the setting bitch, barked at me, as if she did not know Master HENRY thro' his finery, upon which I lent her a *douze*, to teach her how to behave to a man of *pliteness*: after this, Tippler the spaniel came and fawn'd on me, leaving the track of her paws on my silken stockings, upon which I favoured her also with such a *slick* that the poor thing howled for a quarter of an hour. In short, I can't help speaking *bash*, and taking a little upon me, more than usual: and this was partly the *casion* of my writing you such a rough letter; for, I finds I am grown devilish *touchey*, since I *came* to be a great man; and SUSAN, the maid, says, I am not like to be much the *better* for my riches; seeing, that I have got *them*, and lost my good-nature. I am most consumedly troubled to know *what to do*; and, mayhap, *that* makes me growl more than I otherwise should. Sometimes I think of giving up my farm at Skelter, sometimes of buying racing-horses; sometimes of making myself *cuffed* gay in the *parell* way; sometimes I have a mind to *crackle* it away in a coach; sometimes to put worsted of different colours on JOE JOBSON's coat, and clap a *cue* to his head—But then again I can't help telling HETTY, this would be damn'd  
nonsense



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 21

nonsense for a *feller* like I, who have as good a pair of legs as ever worked under a man, and who has gone rough as he run *this* many a day. I wish grandfather had thought fit to let us know what he meant to do for us about four or five years *agone*, that we might have prepared ourselves to be gentlemen against he died. With such warning I don't doubt but I should have been scholar enough to deck myself off, to strut forth with a little black bag at the end o'me, and to have popp'd in and out of a carriage, very decently: for, damn it, I know how the thing should *gee*, tho' I can't so neatly *do* it. As to Captain CARLISLE, neither you nor I can ever expect to cut the *dash*, he curs; 'case why? he was papp'd in *pliteness*, and suck'd civility in his cradle: besides which, he has travelled for it, far and near; so that all the difference in that there matter lies only in the alteration you know. But for all that, if we could, when he comes from *broad* (which is to be seen) gets *into*'s company now and then, and take notice how he carries himself, how he talks, opens his lips, and the like, I don't doubt but we could make ourselves no small fools in the way of *haviour*, when he is not *by*. At present as I cant think of doing as I did, because HETTY says, that would be very unnatural; I am horridly *out of sorts*, and know not what will be the end *on't*. I think, as you are the best scholar, you ought to write to Mr. DE GREY *bout* it, cause he had once the care of

us,

22 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

us, and, as the world says, made Captain CARLISLE what he is.

To live thus, is out of the question, so pray think of mending the matter. HETTY is airing me another ruffled shirt, and says, I must shift every day now I am a man of property. The linen is rare and hot, so I must ene put it on; have only time, therefore, to say, that I am

Your afflicted brother,

HAL. HEWSON.

L E T T E R X.

Mrs. HEWSON to Miss DE GREY.

CONGRATULATE me; sing songs of triumph to me, my dear DE GREY; I have brought Mr. HEWSON over to my *politest wishes*. A little flattery, and a looking-glass, have compleated the business. All the fine things I design, may be put in *practice*; assist me, therefore, I beg of you, that I may be *perfectly elegant*. Every hint of your *taste* will be now welcome to the impatient.

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

LETTER

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 23

### L E T T E R XI.

Capt. CARLISLE to ROBERT DE GREY, Esq.

London.

My dear Guardian,

**T**HE spirit of affection and duty made me hasten to leave the gardens of Italy, that I might be in time to enjoy the pleasures of Prudence Green, at this beautiful period of the year. That which was Rome herself, had no charms to attract me, when the Lure of such a society, as that which your letter describes to me, was thrown out for my heart. And, is it possible, that I am so soon to return again to all those bewitching scenes, wherein I first received those admirable precepts which have, hitherto, enabled me to resist temptation in almost every form? I am in London. Nothing can seduce me to continue here beyond the time that is absolutely necessary to my journey; so that I shall be at Prudence Green almost as soon as this short letter, which announces me to you: yet, if there should be a moment's advantage on the side of the letter, pray employ it to tell Miss DE GREY, and the rest of your party, how lingeringly I shall think the time, till I salute them. I am, Sir,

Your ever faithful servant,

And indulged friend,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R XII.

From the Same to Mr. LASCELLES in London.

London.

Dear LASCELLES,

I AM in the most distressing state of mind in the world—the Lady of the Marquis of N. with whom I was on friendly terms in Italy, hath very inadvertently, and under colour of an attachment (which I never before discovered) followed me to England. To my utter astonishment she is now before me, too beautiful to be denied protection; and yet, in a situation, on all hands too sacred for me long to bestow it. She set off in a packet that failed, it seems, at the same time mine did. She is in the habit of a boy: her husband doats upon her. She looks with the brightest eyes into my face, while, with the most persuading voice, she tells me, she is in a strange land, where she knows not a single friend. What is to be done? She came in upon me, just after I had sent Mr. DE GREY's letter to the post, so that it cannot be recalled, and truth requires my promises should be fulfilled—But the Lady must be, some way, accommodated, at least, till she can be persuaded to return to the Marquis.

To *your* care, therefore, I commit her for a little time, and I shall, in the evening, when I have

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 25

have reconciled her to this mode, bring the fair fugitive to your house, where, in the mean time, you will prepare your sister, to receive her. Tell her at once the *truth*, and depend on it, *that* will ever, in the end, turn out for the best.

Farewell.

I am, your's,

C. CARLISLE.

## L E T T E R XIII.

From the Same to the Same.

*(After delivering the Lady to the latter.)*

I WRITE this to my dear LASCELLES, with a hand that trembles for the situation of your fair charge. She discovered, methought, as I delivered her to you, an impatience of temper that may be fatal. She talks of her husband with an ardour of resentment that I believe it is impossible so accomplished a man should have deserved. I feel a compunction, not very unlike reproach, at being obliged to refuse her my address. Do you not agree with me, that strong marks of disapprobation were painted in her countenance, when I observed, that all her sentiments would reach me by inclosing them, either sealed or unsealed, to you? I did propose to have set out this day for Mr. DE GREY's, but I must apologize for a little delay, because I judge it best to see how she settles with your family, and to



write to the Marquis before I venture into the country, where I had flattered my imagination with enjoying the most uninterrupted happiness. As she is a native of England, you know, it is possible you may, by some means, trace out her relations, some of whom are, as I have been informed, in London; and yet, till we have the Marquis's answer, it may perhaps be a more *delicate* piece of integrity to keep the matter out of every body's mouth, but the worthy family to whom it was necessary to entrust it. On second thoughts, therefore, I beg the matter may rest where it is, in your faithful bosom, and in that of Miss LASCELLES. In the mean time, if AUGUSTA remains prudent and composed, the whole indiscretion may be done away: every thing may be hushed, and the Marquis be again made happy, without the confusion of being congratulated by people, who turn accidents into table-talk. For my *own* part, I dare say, it will be easy for me to convince the husband that I dealt honourably. At best, the dilemma is very displeasing, and the only way left, is to act in it, and to struggle through it, as becomes a man of prudence and principle.

I have the great satisfaction to be,

Dear LASCELLES, your's,

C. C.

LET.

## L E T T E R XIV.

The Marchioness of N. to Signora D. at Rome.

**I** FOLLOWED him, my VIOLA. I practised to the very utmost, my more than romantic resolution—I eluded even the vigilance of the Marquis—I never lost sight of the exquisite CARLISLE—I surmounted every fatigue—I passed every where, as a beardless youth of the Italian soil; and I am now returned to those shores from whence I drew my first breath, and from whence I was so early carried to that part of your country where he who is now my husband first saw me.

Yes, VIOLA, I am here—I am in London.—I am within a short mile of the house of CARLISLE.—But, alas! to what purpose? My passion is in despair; my mode of gratifying it has been irregular—I blush at my weakness—but I am still weak enough to love—to love, VIOLA, with a fervor that is equally my shame and my agony. Yet, I propose only to be within his view—a sight of him—a touch of his hand—his conversation—his smile.—These were my ambition: violent as I am, I tell you the extent of my guilt—But these are already denied me. He has left me in charge of his friends, who are brother and sister—they treat my misfortune

C 2

with

28 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

with tenderneſs—the ſiſter ſpeaks warmly of Mr. CARLISLE's virtues. I perceive that the words *honourable* attachment are favourites—Confuſion, VIOLA! perhaps ſhe is—yet that's not likely—I will not have it ſo. I could not bear it. At a village on the borders of Italy, my ſpeed brought me near enough to ſee him ſalute a female acquaintance; and though modeſty and reaſon, all concurred to ſanctify the civility, yet I wanted dignity enough in my nature, to reſtrain the execration which I uttered againſt her beauty. No, no, it is ſome comfort yet (even were I never more to behold him, which would kill me)—it is ſome comfort yet, that his heart is without other attachments.

My condition calls for ten thouſand comforts, and I foreſee, not *one* will be allowed me—I have numberleſs circumſtances to tell you, but I want eaſe and compoſure to write. The Marquis has, I ſuppoſe, left Rome in a rage. For the firſt time in my life, although I have long deſpiſed him, have I taken advantage of his confidence, but it was only to eſcape from the object of my averſion to that of my fondneſs—of my adoration.

PERHAPS the Marquis may ſuſpect every thing I was ſo cautious to conceal. If ſo, my dear CARLISLE is in danger. I am not ignorant of the Marquis's temper. I have *felt* its violence—He ſtruck me, VIOLA; the villain in  
his

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 29

his meanness struck me ! I never shall either forget or forgive it.

CARLISLE in danger !—in danger !—for what—for his unparalleled *integrity*—for his dignity—for his *truth* ? Ah, Signora, were he the most guilty, instead of being the most innocent of men, my romantic soul would take fire at the prospect of his peril, and set life, fame, hope, and Heaven itself, at a hazard to defend him. I am interrupted—Let *my* secret be *your's*.

Adieu for a little time, to the wretched

AUGUSTA N\*\*\*.

L E T T E R XV.

GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq; to Captain  
CARLISLE.

ABOUT two hours ago, AUGUSTA very earnestly requested the use of pen and paper, which, you may be sure, was directly brought her. She hath since had wax and a candle, and, I suppose, will presently desire a letter to be put into the Post-office—It may, very possibly, my friend, be addressed to some friend of *her's*, or *your's*: in one case, we might, perhaps, were we in *possession of the facts*, escape danger ; and in the other, we might, it is likely, get a clue to those circumstances which would bring this disagreeable affair the sooner to an issue. Either way it  
may

30 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

may serve our purposes: I shall, therefore, instead of putting this letter into the post, inclose it for you, that no opportunity of assisting us may escape. Adieu! I am your's,

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER XVI.

TO HIS CAPTAIN CARLISLE,

In answer.

**Y**OUR zeal to serve a friend, must have thrown you from your guard, my dear LASCELLES; for, I am certain it could not require more than a moment's recollection to convince you of the *impropriety* of breaking a seal for any private purpose whatsoever. Neither you nor I have, certainly, any farther controul over the lady, than just to entertain her as her condition may require, till she is invited home by the Marquis, to whom I was preparing to write just as your favour came to hand. I lay aside this business, however, for a minute, just to intreat you will suffer your servants to obey *her* wishes, as you would, I know, order them to obey the wishes of *Your's*,

C. CARLISLE.

LET-



L E T T E R XVII.

Captain CARLISLE to the Marquis of N\*\*\*,  
at Signor ——'s, in Rome; or elsewhere.

London.

S I R,

**W**ERE it not that your situation called rather for condolence than mirth, I could acquaint you, in very jocular language, of a circumstance that carries with it the air of an adventure in the days of Chivalry.

The heroine, or rather the lady-errant of this enterprise, is your AUGUSTA, who, taking advantage of your journey about the time of my departure, was resolved to be even with you for the anxieties of separation, and so paid you *in kind* by taking a trip to England. I dare say she intended, at first, only to amuse herself with a short excursion to deceive the time till your return: but the spirited creature, with all that ardor, which, you know, belongs to her character, laid her plan of operation in such a manner, that, when she was once embarked, it was absolutely impossible to retreat. She contrived the matter so as to pass upon every body for an Italian strippling travelling to England, properly equipped for the opera house: the better to support which, she was provided with suitable habiliments, and  
above

### 32 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

above all, a distinguishing kind of a head-dress, that masked her from every thing but the most critical inspection. It will demand all your best opinion of my veracity, to credit me when I protest to you, that she escaped *my* notice through the whole journey, nor was I acquainted with any part of the circumstance till, in completing the project, she discovered herself to me in my own apartments in London. It was not for *me* to upbraid her upon the principle of the pain you was suffering; nor was it proper she should remain with one, who has not the honour to be in a married state. I therefore advised her to be as easy as her reflections would allow, at the house of a particular friend of mine, who has a sister that will preserve her safe, till she is once more in the arms of her Marquis. The step she has taken was certainly carrying the joke too far, and, no doubt, she herself thinks so; but when you consider her youth, her high spirits, her well known fidelity to you, and above all, the perils she has safely passed, without a single soul to protect her, you have, I think, on the whole, rather more reason to laugh it off as a frolic, than to chide her for it as an impropriety.

Whatever mode of receiving her you propose shall be attended to, and if you cannot come all the way yourself, I will see that she is re-conducted to the borders of Italy, or even to your very house in Rome, or to that in Paris, if you judge it necessary. Your answer will determine me in every thing

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 33

thing that relates to the lady, whom I have the honour, in the mean time, to have in protection. Be assured, Sir, the trust is as safe as it is sacred; and that I am, with all a friend's anxiety,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

P. S. Your lady, Sir, is at the house of Mr. LASCELLES, in Bond-street, London, whither you will please to direct your reply; and where, should you, on the present, or any future occasion, choose to visit London, I take the liberty of friendship to say, you will be cordially received.

L E T T E R XVIII.

The Marchioness of N\*\*\* to Mr. CARLISLE.

*(Inclosed by Mr. Lascelles.)*

I MUST see you, though it be but for five moments: but since it is so very irksome to you, I give you a whole week to *prepare* yourself for a visit; in the mean time, your repose shall not be invaded by      Your

AUGUSTA N\*\*\*.

34 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to ROBERT DE  
GREY, Esq.

SIR,

**M**Y brother (dear to me by affinity of blood, and by the coadjoining bonds of a settled friendship) my brother and I, Sir, have lately been much enveloped in the deep abyss of meditation.

The additions to our fortunes, have, as is but too generally the case, brought with them additions of *carking care*; and *perturbed reflection*—we find it impossible to enjoy ourselves as we used to do, before the benevolence of Fate distinguished us by her splendid favours. My brother is unable to take the salutary exercises of the fields and forests, *crown'd with leafy honours*; and I, for my part, can find neither gaiety in Horace; nor argument in Tully. We conceive something should be done to make riches *fit easy* on us. We believe books will not do this for me, nor hounds for him.—In fine, we are solicitous, *even to a considerable degree of anxiety*, to acquire a relish of those exterior ornamentals which so particularly mark you and Captain CARLISLE, from all men of our acquaintance. We understand the Captain is shortly to be at the Green; and therefore, as your indulging nature has very often pressed upon us an invitation, we could, conjointly,

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 35

jointly, with it might be *agreeable to your leisure*, and *consonant to your convenience*, to permit us to pass a few days, under the *sanctification of your hospitality* while the Captain is with you, that we may have the advantage of making ourselves very passable copies from the *reiterated imitation of so admirable an original*. My brother HENRY and I, Sir, are very impatient for the honour of your answer to this *our consequential request*.

Sir, I am,

Your's reverentially,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

## L E T T E R XX.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to ROBERT DE  
GREY, Esq.

Hon. Gardian that was,

I UNDERSTANDS that GAB has 'form'd you of our resolution to be *bettermost* persons ; whereof the reason's good and natural, seeing that we are not the folks we *was* ; seeing we are richer ; our *ideerers* are no more the same they *was* than any thing, and I *ha'* put it *into's* head to see what hand may be made on us, *supposin* we had a good *sightly moral* before us. For certain, the *Captain* is as fine a pattern as need to be taken for any man's *sample*, and you are no small fool at making a bow yourself. You and he, therefore, are the men we mean to cut out by, and my

HETTY.



### 36 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

HETTY would have no '*jection* to make a sample of your daughter, who, every body must own, has more the jig of a gentlewoman than any body within ten miles o'*ber*. I send these few lines by JOE, just to clap brother GAB's letter, as it were, on the back, and do the thing more *plutely*; for, certainly, the more *parsons* write to a man out of one family, the more respectf<sup>ul</sup>. We understands also that you are to have visitors *go lore*, over and above the Captain. *That* we have no sort of *rejection* to: 'case why? We are sure for *fertain*, none are harboured at Prudence Green but your *tip-top specie*. So much the better for *us*; 'case why? As we go on purpose to make a hand on't, and get as much as we can out of every body, why we can take one bit of haviour from one, another bit from another, and so on, till we are *up* to the whole gig of the thing. HETTY is 'ene almost ready to fly over the moon upon *casion* of this—she's a *duced* cute one, at taking any thing in hand she has a mind to, and I *suspect* she'll pull the feathers out of the fine ones till she's as pretty a bird as the best of them. I'd lay two o' my teeth to a *teester*, that she bridles and briggles to a nicety, in less time than I shall want to make me doff hat with decency; for, to tell you the truth, I have a cussed way of being *cover'd* in company; and, I think, it's a pity you was not guardian of my manners, as well as my money.—But I have said enough to shew you what I would be at, and therefore I have no *casion* to make a long affair *out*, like Master GAB, who, I don't doubt, has

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 37

has muddled his brains never so long, to write to you a fine long *rigmerol*, and pick and choose words out of *dikjonner*y. Mayhap I may be one of your better sort as soon as he, for all his scholarship: not that I would have you *magine*, 'Squire, I don't think GAB knows how to handle a pen: but I think a man may talk a little *plainer* than GAB: aye, and *write* a little plainer too, for I do *sure* you, parson of our parish, who put on his gown at *varsity*, has sometimes enough to do to make him *out*, when he writes his *flouriddles* to me, and HETTY says, he is no more fit for *pliteness* than my dog Dashgrove. But this is *atween* ourselves, 'Squire. I have written my paper *all through*, purpose 'case you should not be *fended*, and it had been more I would *ha'* gone to the end *on't*, I *'sure* you; for you are just the sort of man I like, and, after all, I don't know when I come to set *this* over against *that*, whether I sha'n't take more of the bettermost person from *you*, than from the Captain himself. I am, with HETTY's love to Miss DE GREY,

Your dutiful friend to command,

HENRY HEWSON.

P. S. I think I would not have you say to any of the folks at the Green, what *lay* GAB and I are upon; for, 'tis natural to think, gentlemen and ladies (who have bought breeding, and *pliteness* dear) may not choose to have, as it were, their pockets pickt *on't*, by a couple of chaps who come *a purpose* to carry off the *best part* of 'em. I should not like it myself.

L E T.

38 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

L E T T E R XXI.

Miss DE GREY to Mrs. HEWSON.

Dear Madam,

**M**Y father is writing billets of invitation to your husband and brother ; and he hath assigned to me the pleasing task of requesting you will not forget to join our society, which is to meet on the 30th instant, when it is expected the Green will be exceedingly gay. Besides Captain CARLISLE, there will be a Lord and Lady BLESSINGBOURNE, and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT, their nephew : they are all persons who are able to form the taste, as far as it depends on fashionable carriage. At the same time, if you will take my advice, it would rather recommend to you the perpetuation of your original content, than any attempts at copied splendor. But this is a sentiment out of the line of my commission ; and the letter you favoured me with will better be answered in conversation, than upon paper. Do not forget the 30th ; and remember, in the mean time,

Your most obedient servant,

LUCIA DE GREY.

P. S. Mr. MEDWAY is already with us.

L E T-

## L E T T E R XXII.

OLIVER MEDWAY, Esq; to Mr. TOWNSEND.

I HAD scarce set my foot on Prudence Green, when DE GREY put into my hand a letter which not only mentions the arrival of CARLISLE in England, but his coming post into the country. This news was confirmed by the charming LUCIA, with a smile upon her face. In my opinion, TOWNSEND, a *better intentioned* smile than she ever bestowed upon me. To be sure, an old friend hath a claim upon one's cordiality, and no man deserves so large a share as Captain CARLISLE.—No man better loves him and his virtues than *I* do—and, certainly, a smile upon the subject of *expecting* him, was not wrong.—But why so very *kind* a formation of the features? why must the eyes sparkle so brilliantly on the occasion? why this rapture so directly upon the very front of his arrival? I have the tenderest regard for CARLISLE in the world, but if—confusion!—I must not be sported with—my passion is too nice, too noble, and too near my heart for that. I must look about me a little. Adieu!

Yours,

OLIVER MEDWAY.

LET-

## L E T T E R XXIII.

From the same to Captain CARLISLE in  
London.

Dear CARLISLE,

AFTER having told you in a few words, that you are as welcome to me as ever was friend to friend, I must ask you a question, which, if you have time (as your last billet to Mr. DE GREY mentioned a short delay) I intreat you will answer by the post, even before you come amongst us. You are not ignorant of my regard for LUCIA: I have sent you, from time to time, fifty sheets of paper on the subject. I have reason to think *you* are as great a favourite as myself. No woman should dare to divide her heart. I insist upon an *entire* passion, or none. You know my humour. I love you above all men; but if you have, *even in thought*, supplanted me, let the needful be done without noise. Seconds are out of the question, when combatants know each other. You are as brave as Heaven. I am not apt to retreat myself. There was a sort of satisfaction in LUCIA's face, I must absolutely have *explained*. I have, in DE GREY's green paddock, the best and fleetest horse in England at this time grazing—

He



THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 41

He *knows* when I travel upon *life and death*—  
you understand me. Farewell till I see you.

Your sincere friend,  
O. MEDWAY.

P. S. The rest of DE GREY's party come  
to-night: our laughing philosopher and whimsi-  
cal wag, Sir ANDREW, is in the groupe.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Captain CARLISLE's Answer.

**H**OW can you, my dear MEDWAY, still  
continue your cruel humour? How few mo-  
ments thinking would have been necessary to set  
your fluttering heart to rest on every subject that  
concerns LUCIA DE GREY! The vehemence  
with which you first disclosed your passion to  
me, and the large strides you said you had made  
towards gaining ~~HER~~ affections, put an entire  
end to all attempts which, perhaps, might other-  
wise have been made by *me* upon the subject.  
Neither by look nor letter have I, ever since  
that time, addressed any thing to LUCIA that  
aimed at her heart, and your three latest letters  
(which came to my hands in Italy) wherein you  
assure me, your tenderness for that lady is fully  
*returned*, put such an additional check upon my  
conduct, that I looked upon the business as too  
far gone for any third person, except Mr. DE  
GREY, who, it seems, approves the match, to  
interfere

42 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

interfere without infamy. Besides that I shall embrace you shortly, I have just now such a kind of engagement to fulfil, that I must apologize for having replied to your letter so hastily. I am, as for many years I have been,

Dear MEDWAY's

affectionate friend,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

L E T T E R XXV.

Capt. CARLISLE to GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq.

**W**HAT is to be done now, my dear LASCELLES!—a circumstance hath fallen out, even worse than the affair of AUGUSTA. Mr. DE GREY forgot to inform me, that the only person whom I should not meet at Prudence Green would make a distinguished member of his summer society! But yet, how should he imagine it was necessary to apprize me of it, knowing, as he does, of our long friendship, and *not* knowing there is any *delicate matter* on which it depends? The nature of my difficulty will appear to you better, when I tell you *Medway* is of the party—MEDWAY, the most generous, positive, good-humoured, quarrelsome man in the universe—MEDWAY, whose sensibility of honour, and jealous misconceptions, expose him every hour to a hazard of his life. If you have forgot my situation with this flaming hero, the inclosures

losures will revive the whole track of the story in your memory. Had I not apprehended that he was to pass the summer in Oxfordshire, I should, by no means, have accepted of an invitation even from Mr. DE GREY; nor indeed should I, by right, have left Italy till the secret cause of my going thither became Mrs. MEDWAY, and had retired with her husband from Prudence Green. As the good of society is no way concerned in the communication of this my private bosom secret, no man but Mr. LASCELLES is trusted with it.

As to AUGUSTA, I am glad to find she is so well reconciled to our last conversation. Your sister will certainly, by her enchanting treatment, make a thorough convert of her; and at least keep her quiet without more interviews till I get the Marquis's answer. Were it not, therefore, for MEDWAY's affair, I should now go down to the Green in high spirits. With regard to LUCIA, I consider her so much the property of another, that I could certainly meet her *unalarmed*, were not that other under the same roof.

44 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

THE INCLOSURES,

(Being letters received *formerly* from MEDWAY.)

LETTER ———.

Dear CARLISLE,

YOU know many of my secrets; so now take the greatest I ever had. I love your guardian's friend, LUCIA DE GREY: to this secret add one more, *she loves ME*; I have the *best of reasons* for saying so. My fortune is good. Pray help me in this affair with her father.

Your's,

O. MEDWAY.

LETTER ———.

From Mr. C——,

In answer.

Dear MEDWAY,

AS the affection betwixt you and Miss DE GREY is, you say, *mutual*, it shall never be interrupted, but, on the other hand, *promoted*, by

Your's,

C. CARLISLE.

LET-

L E T T E R ———.

Dear Captain,

I HAVE *more and more* cause to interpret LUCIA's conduct in my favour. DE GREY, I know, leaves all these points to his daughter's prudence; so that, although my notion of such a transaction is to keep it *quite private till the day of marriage* (even though that marriage should not take place for several years) I desire you, as a friend, to consider LUCIA as the *contracted spouse* of

Your's,

O. MEDWAY.

The A N S W E R.

Dear MEDWAY,

AS you have, doubtless, the most solid foundations for speaking with such strength and certainty of the subject in question, I take it for granted, the lady's *heart* is wholly *set upon the match*; I do not therefore see that your happiness depends upon secrecy. However, since you enjoin me to privacy, I will humour your singularity so far as to obey you. Adieu!

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LET-



## L E T T E R XXVI.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

Prudence Green.

**H**E comes! he comes!—this night he will be here—yes, my dear LASCELLES—CARLISLE will this *very* night be here; but perhaps, your brother, his old friend, may have already heard from him. We all wish for him with the fondest impatience. Even the impetuous Medway acknowledges him to be a man of the finest honour in the world. By the bye, CAROLINE, that MEDWAY is a strange being; I know not what to make of him—he is always begging me to smile upon him, and when I *do* smile, he whispers in my ear, “hush! hush! my dear soul, hush! don’t *spea*k about it—a smile is enough; a smile is enough.” He came to me yesterday evening in the garden, and must needs change flowers—I agreed to his humour, and he cried out (in a transport that almost frightened me) “such a little transaction as this, with those who act upon terms of honour, binds the bargain as firmly as the bonds of Hymen.” He may be a very gallant man, my dear, but he is the strangest creature I know, for all that, and though our acquaintance is of two years standing, he is as much a riddle to me as ever. The best part of  
him

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 47

him is, that he is the friend of CARLISLE—I am CARLISLE's FRIEND too, but I still enjoin you not to hint this to any creature breathing. A little before I first saw MEDWAY, I really thought CARLISLE had an affection for me; but many things have concurred since, to persuade me, that I am not only indifferent, but disagreeable to him. His excursion to *Italy*, above all other things, confirms this.—Ah, CAROLINE! how can so gentle and susceptible a heart as his be insensible to—But I have done. Adieu!

LUCIA DE GREY.

## LETTER XXVII.

Mr. DE GREY to Captain CARLISLE.

Prudence Green.

**W**ELCOME, thrice welcome to your native shore; welcome to those shades which are now blooming at your arrival. I have this minute attended Lord and Lady BLESSINGBOURNE, and their nephew the antic Sir ANDREW, from their carriage. MEDWAY, also, is with us, and your old neighbours Mr. and Mrs. HEWSON, with the studious Mr. GABRIEL. LUCIA says, when *you* are come down, we shall have quite a company of *contrasts*: there may be, for ought I know, some truth in the observation; at least, there is a pretty opposition in *some* of the characters, I am sure.

Mr.

## 48 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Mr. GABRIEL is no bad contrast to Mr. HENRY: Lord BLESSINGBOURNE and his Lady are not amiss, in the same way: LUCIA and Mrs. HEWSON have a marking difference; and I very well know *how* and *where* the distinction is to be made betwixt Mr. MEDWAY and Captain CARLISLE. I hope, by the time this reaches you, all impediments to your journey will be past, and that I shall have it in my power personally to assure you, with what unalterable truth I am your friend and servant,

R. DE GREY.

## L E T T E R XXVIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

OH! joy, joy, give me joy without end, my dear HEATHCOATE! Such game, such fun, such a summer is before me, that neither you or I can possibly want amusement. Prudence Place is absolutely crammed with *the* entertainment which, of all others, you and I most adore; even with the pleasures of *ridicule*. There are no less than three originals in the house, besides my uncle and aunt, who, even yet, are not entirely out of date. Here is a farmer who would be a *gentleman*; his wife beautiful as Venus, who would be a *lady*. The farmer's brother, who, though neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, designs to be a scholar; and my dear aunt and uncle,  
who

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 49

who are magnificent, superb, high-bred—*no-things at all*. With such a groupe, (not forgetting that son of the seven Furies, OLLY MEDWAY) if I don't have some precious sport, and send you from time to time some sheets full of *fun*, why then I have lost my knack, and Nature tries to entertain me in vain, this summer. That's all I say on the subject.

AS to LUCIA DE GREY, and her dad, they are quite upon the grave order you know, and a man may look at their tempers for twelve months together, without finding a tittle that is ludicrous; so that, I fear, we can scarce rank any of these amongst our sources: no matter, ridicule is pregnant in every mother's child of the *others*, and you may expect to have a dish of the dear, dear ridiculous (to *me* more palatable than ortolans) at least every second post-day. But heighty-teighty, who have we here! What figure comes prancing down yon avenue, majestic as the oaks which shade, and *débonnair* as the skies which encanopy it! It gains upon me as I survey it from the window. Those little animals called men, when mounted upon the backs of those larger animals called horses, are proper objects for the sportings of such spirits as our's, my HEATHCOATE. But in this *particular instance*, in this most brilliant exception, there is no hinge whereon to fasten a joke: *this* object looks like a *man* even while he is bestriding a *beast*. His hair is caught by the gale—his pro-

portions charm away the very genius of *burlesque*. I have not a jest in my imagination to throw at him. No fun in *this* visitor neither!—He alights—Zounds, HEATHCOATE, this fellow hath found out the art of displaying the graces in getting from his stirrup: the very horse seems conscious of his burthen: he gives a paw of reluctance at quitting him. The family are all flocking about the stranger—what prince—what deity is it who can thus attract universal attention, and turn *my* descriptions out of their accustomed channel!

I must lay down the pen to enquire.

*In Continuation.*

HEATHCOATE, could you possibly believe it?—The very image of one of my *oldest* acquaintances, yea even of my schoolfellow (who was a clever fellow when I was a dunce) had quite left me—yes, HEATHCOATE, such improvements are made in every part of *Captain Carlisle's* ever-handsome person, that I knew him not, till another of his ornaments (melting from his captivating voice) brought him again into my memory. One would think there could be no great matter of attraction for such a ludicrous being as I, in seeing a young man pay compliments to a parcel of people, who were *prepared* for such civility; and yet, by my soul, I stood  
gaping



gaping at this salutation, as if I was as young a beginner as the HEWSONS. I question, whether the God of Breeding himself could have pulled off his hat with such an air—then his attention was so properly *distributed*—Zounds, HEATHCOATE, his bows went through the very souls of the women—But what have I to do with *such* a subject!—CARLISLE is come to make us all look ugly in the eyes of the wenches, and so there is an end of it.—

HOWEVER, for this disappointment *one* way, I am resolved to have full measure of revenge *another*: since a brighter sun appears, and *I* can only be in shadow, I am determined not to be disgraced without vengeance. As I cannot *shine*, I will *laugh* most inordinately; and I here swear by the rubied lips of LUCIA DE GREY, that I will enjoy every thing that ridicule can fairly catch at throughout all the flowery regions of Prudence Place. Neither man nor beast shall escape me, if either leaneth, yea but ever so little, to the ludicrous. 'This vow is sealed by the sanction of Jupiter: I nod, and knit my brows upon it. Your's,

ANDREW FLIGHT.

## L E T T E R XXIX.

Capt. CARLISLE to GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq.

From Prudence Place.

I AM arrived safe, my dear friend ; but fresh embarrassments rise before me. I was more affected at the sight of LUCIA DE GREY than I ought to be. Amidst all the air of general gaiety, the eyes of MEDWAY were intently fixed on me the whole evening. Much of what is commonly called *fun*, passed at the supper table, at the expence of two or three foolish people, who are out of their element.—Neither MEDWAY nor LUCIA, partook of this. The night, however, closed harmoniously ; and my return to *Prudence Place* was honoured by a general bumper of Burgundy. But, about ten minutes after the company separated for the night, MEDWAY's valet tapped at my door, and presented the inclosed billet :

To Captain CARLISLE.

I CAN'T sleep, dear CARLISLE, without assuring you that I am now fully satisfied of your conduct. I looked at you for more than two hours, and I don't think you addressed to LUCIA

my

(my LUCIA) any glances of *concupiscence*. This is the greatest obligation in the whole world to

Your's,

O. M.

*N. B. Hush.—Hush.*

If this prospect of being perpetually tormented by the vigilant jealousies of this hot-headed man continues, and if I cannot so far master my own sensibilities on a certain occasion, my stay in this quarter will certainly not be long. It is living under a double imprisonment both of soul and body. Nor, till the Marchioness is gone, can I, with propriety, repair again to your house. The rule of my life hath ever been, not to throw myself unnecessarily into the path of temptation. It is to my *feelings* (which are always poignantly wounded by the least shaft of *self-reproach*) as well as to my sense of *religion*, that I owe escape from many a mischief into which I otherwise might fall. I pique myself a little upon the virtue of making a seasonable *retreat*. My sensibility tells me *now*, that I am *here* in danger: I should be, by no means, in a road absolutely safe, if I were with *you*. It will require some adroitness to disentangle myself. If matters do not mend, I must alter my present address; although, were my *heart* quite easy, I could be well enough amused with this motley groupe at Prudence Place, and enter into every inoffensive

54 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

inoffensive levity with the most serious spirit imaginable. You see, by the air of my letter, that at present I can neither write or speak with certainty of *any thing*. I can only say, in general terms, that the joys I anticipated, like most things forestalled, do not sparkle in the cup so briskly as I expected; they are dashed by some bitter disappointments. I have a passion fretting my heart, which hath no lawful right to lie in my bosom. I feel it to be the tyrannizing serpent;—I smart under the sharpness of its tooth, and yet, like the man in the fable, I foster it. Do you think, my LASCELLES, that LUCIA's passion for the boisterous *Medway*, is a little inconsistent with that uncommon delicacy and *gentleness* which seem to mark her own mind? But there is nothing so idle as an attempt to decypher the hieroglyphics of love. Mr. MEDWAY is the man of her choice; Mr. MEDWAY is, therefore, not to be questioned upon the subject of his *success*. I am your's,

C. CARLISLE.

L E T T E R XXX.

GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq; to Capt. CARLISLE.

(*Previous to receiving the above.*)

IT touches me very nearly to be so soon under a necessity of transmitting to you a letter from our fair lady, which, if I may judge from the air of  
of

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 55

of anger with which it was given, does not contain the sentiments of a quiet disposition. Previous to your coming here the other night, I saw through the little artifice of her *dressing at you* in full taste: it brought to my mind that sweet line of the poet:

"Now awful beauty puts on all her charms."

No, withstanding this you had fortitude of *resistance* superior even to her *beauty*. How you are able to do these things is wonderful: for my part, I fairly confess, if I knew any lady, of any country, half so lovely, and half so longing, I certainly should suffer any little *scruples* I might have to be soon over-ruled; and were it in my power to make such a woman happy, happy she should be. As to the Marchioness, she hath fire enough in her eyes even to talk down the continence of an anchorite. Not that I blame your virtue, or accuse your taste. No, my dear CARLISLE, I admire both; I look up to the one with envy, to the other with despair. But this is no time either for comment or compliment: the Marchioness's letters to you ought instantly to be forwarded, since, from the peculiar *violence* of her temper, a moment's delay might produce the most disagreeable consequences. My sister wishes every hour for the Marquis's letter, although it is impossible he should get *your's* for some time. The two ladies parted from each other yesterday in tears. I am not yet master of the meaning. CAROLINE's confidence is impregnable; unless  
she



56 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

she thinks it *right* to disclose any matter, her dearest friends would not be let into the secret.

Farewell.

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER XXXI.

The Marchioness to Captain CARLISLE.

**H**AVE I not sufficient cause to curse my fate, that hath left me without one solid reason to sanctify my affection? Have I not reason too, to curse that barbarous father, who sacrificed me to the most hateful man upon earth—who sold me for a title which I despise, and to embraces which are bitter to me as the bonds of death? The great, the counterbalancing arguments, Mr. CARLISLE, are all on your side, and therefore my pleadings are all against the tide. But I see all that is to happen—you will never see me more—you refuse me your direction—you will have your London apartments—your friends will grow weary of me, and I shall be in utter despair. Ah! what a foundation have I for such suspicions! How cuttingly cold was the air with which you last addressed me! How cautiously cruel your civility!—You took my hand, but it trembled as if at the touch of infection, while mine, on the contrary, throbbed with a violence that denoted the agitations of my heart. Your whole discourse was *general*; or, if it ever became

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 57

came *particular*, it turned upon my husband—the most detested of all subjects. But this was not enough; you dare not trust yourself with me alone; I am reduced to such infamy that it was necessary to converse with me in the presence of a third person; that third person, too, must needs be a *woman*. But you were deceived: I did not in that complotted interview shew myself so abandoned as you expected: I was conscious of the deepness of the triumph, and I fell before it. My situation is not even yet, perhaps, quite erased from your memory. You recollect some part of my confusion. I conjure you, however, Mr. CARLISLE, by love, and I charge you by what is due to distress, not to insult her whom you cannot redress. Pity is at least my due, and when you are not disposed to bestow that, for honour's sake, do not substitute contempt. Pray what is to become of the unfortunate.

AUGUSTA N\*\*\*?

## LETTER XXXII.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

OH, my beloved CAROLINE! Mr. CARLISLE is at our house, and yet I am more wretched than I was before his arrival. He certainly detests me. He speaks in form, and tho' he can never lose his politeness, which is a part

58 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

of his very nature, yet he has wholly lost his friendship. How can I possibly have forfeited this? We were bred up together, you know, CAROLINE; always in the same house, for some time in the same cradle: it is to CARLISLE I owe my early relish for reading, and every better ornament. Nothing could possibly be more cordial, or more familiar, than we were formerly. Wherefore hath he robbed me of his attention—of his *brotherly* attention?—But, I suppose he hath been fortunate in his *Italian attachments*—the friendships of a warmer clime are, doubtless, more attracting and more animated. I know not what to think. Certainly, Mr. CARLISLE never gave me reason to imagine I was more in his esteem *than—than—than—*. But why do I talk, CAROLINE? he absolutely does every thing but flatly shun me.

To increase my vexation, that tiresome wretch MEDWAY becomes more strange than ever. Half an hour ago he put into my hand the nonsense I inclose:

“*To the fairest and faithfullest.*”

“If it was necessary for people of honour to make speeches, I could make many about your good sense, &c.—But enough upon that subject—Let not the tell-tale gossips of the air talk of my whereabouts: silence has the most meaning: I hate noise.

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 59

nolse. I write this to tell you that I had no objection to your laughing last night at the HEWAONS—tho', had any *man* breathing laughed half so much at me, I would have sent him upon a message to the moon—but, no matter—hush—it is to my content that you should be as pleasant as you please. Burn this—walls have ears—worms have eyes—You understand me.

O. M."

SURELY the man is a fool; but I am in no humour to comment on his absurdity.—For Heaven's sake write, CAROLINE, to

Your very unhappy

LUCIA DE GREY.

## L E T T E R XXXIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**H**A! Ha! Ha! Ha!--Oh laugh, thou divine cure for every care; thou celestial convulsion, let me enjoy thee; and let me at the same time shew my generosity, by sharing thee with friend!

I HAVE laid a plot, my friend, *such* a plot as will ensure thy felicity for a month: you are to have two new correspondents, such as before never honoured thee, and I beg thou wilt pay proper respect, and make thy responses in  
due

60 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

due and decent form. Not a word more till thou hearest farther of this matter from another quarter. In the mean time let me end as I began, with one of those ever-delicious *bursts of the soul*, which mark the constitution of

Your

ANDREW FLIGHT.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

S I R,

I HAVE just been informed that you take a liberal delight, and a generous joy, in being a witness to the progress of any gentleman's instruction; and the worthy Sir ANDREW, with *affability ineffable*, and *complaisance corresponding*, has assured me, that you are of opinion the talents will receive a *quicker polish* from *letter-writing*, or the *art epistolary*, than even by reading or conversing: he adds, that although my improvements have been considerable, they would make double impression, by being communicated in writing to an ingenious *absent* person. Now, Sir, it happens that I am thought to be the most enlightened man of my acquaintance, which I should account unlucky, was I not comforted by the idea given me by Sir ANDREW, of finding in you, Sir, a person who will kindly receive my sentiments upon breeding, as I am enabled to pick them



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 61

them up from time to time. I shall enjoy by these means a double honour and advantage; and I wait only for your kind permission to commence.

I am, Sir, most profoundly,

Your obedient

GABRIEL HEWSON.

P. S. My brother is setting pen to paper, or at leasts *designs* so to do soon, for a similar honour.

## L E T T E R XXXV.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Lord BLESSING-  
BOURNE.

My very good Lord,

I HAVE a mind to try my hand at a *pistle* nearer *home*, before I venture abroad; just as your Lordship may have seen a parcel of young birds fly a few yards backwards and forwards upon the neighbouring hedges, before they are so bold as to lose sight of their nest. This I find by your nephew is a *simularius*, so that you see I have got something already. But the meaning of my writing to your Lordship is, as I *ha'* got a correspondent for self, that I may get one for my HETTY, who is so much improved since she came to *Prudence Place*, that she'd be hang'd as soon as write to any thing under a gentlewoman of the *bettermost specie*. Now I think your Lady is of this genit: so I write, unknown to HETTY, that

62 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

that I may get your leave for *she* to write to *she*; whereof the honour would be clear as the noon-tide. Pray put your reply to this privately into my hand, when we next walk, for sake of the genteel thing, up and down the garden. Mean time know me to be what I *am*,

Your's,

H. HEWSON.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**B**ETTER and better still! the gudgeons bite this warm weather at Prudence Place most gloriously. Every minute teems with ridicule. I have played off that *heaviest of the Hewson lump*, Mr. Henry, upon my *uncle*, yea even upon the pompous muscles of Lord BLESSINGBOURNE, to whom the farmer hath written in form, just to *get into's fist*, as he elegantly phrases it. I spirited him up to this, and so contrived it, that the letter should be given to his Lordship exactly at the proper crisis—even while he was at a magnificent tête-à-tête with my Lady upon that constant subject of theirs, the dignity of rank and family. I took care also to enter his room, by way of morning *devoir*, just as the epistle was delivered—No coronet at the top of the seal—and yet—the scrawling and *genteel up-and-down of the superscription* is politely illegible enough, to  
come

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. . 63

come from *somebody* of rank, says the Earl—Dost thou know the hand, my Lady—No indeed, my Lord—It is not in my list of hands—If it approaches towards *any* of my correspondents—continues my lady—it is the Countess of Cannotspell. In my opinion, my Lady, said I, it bears strong marks of the Duchess of Letterblot; that copious command of capitals in the L.O.R.D. looks astonishingly like the finger and thumb of her Grace.—Whew, says my uncle, there's no post-marks: I can't possibly account for this, my Lady. Ten to one, uncle, replied I, the contents will unravel the mystery in a moment; that is to say, if the writing is not *too fashionable*.

HIS Lordship broke the seal which Mr. HENRY told me he once valued much, it being the exact effigy of the finest greyhound bitch that ever *nabbed the scent of a hare*—None of my friends fasten letters, nephew, with the engraving of a *dog*—

HEAVEN and family-honours, exclaims my never-to-be-forgotten uncle, what have we here, with *my very good Lord* at the top, and *your H. Hewson* at the bottom? H. HEWSON! Pray, who is this familiar Mr. H. HEWSON? I suffer no freedoms from such pens as these.

No, indeed, don't you, said my Lady.

SUFFER *me* to read it to you, my Lord, said I; I can't possibly conceive the meaning of it.

I READ

## 64 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

I READ it, HEATHCOTE, and gave it all its graces. It was not without great difficulty the angry Earl *sat it out*. His comments were exquisite. I inclose the original, on purpose that you may compare a few of them—a *simularius*! cried his Lordship, what does the fellow mean by that? *Prudence Please*: and pray how could Mr. DE GREY, at his grave time of life, admit such a creature as this to *Prudence Please*? *Prudence Please*, rejoined my Lady, oh! the illiterate—ha! ha! ha!

I WENT on, but was soon stopped again. A woman of *the bettermost specie*, a lady of *this genil*, and, *for she to write to she*—did you ever hear such impudence, said I, my Lord?

IMPUDENCE, replied my Lady! Pray, nephew, order my coach this very day. Does Mr. DE GREY (who, though a very worthy man, is only a *Mr.*) imagine we are to be insulted by *rif-ras*, whom he thinks fit to make our *equals*? They may, perhaps, be equals for a *Mr.* but they are no proper company for persons whose names move upon a *different construction*.

THAT's very true, aunt, said I, and its perfectly unpardonable in that little, low-minded monosyllable *Mr.* to behave thus rudely to names of a nobler sound, and a different construction. *Mr.* indeed! I should not have thought of it!

DON'T

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 65

DON'T be witty, ANDREW, neither, says my aunt.

MADAM, your Ladyship does me wrong, said I, I despise *Mr.* as cordially as your Ladyship, and I even bought *Sir Andrew*, that I might never have any thing more to do with him. *Mr.* quotha!

BE that as it may, nephew, rejoined my Lord (rising upon his toes, and swelling out his breast, as is usual with him when he feels the *might* of any sentiment) be that, I say, as it may—You very well know the *stock* from whence our family sprung. You very well know, that we have not a plebeian particle about us; and tho' it is very true you bought *Sir Andrew* with my money, on account of my abhorrence of *Mr.* yet you have the best of blood in your veins.—Yes, nephew, I will take upon me to say, with very little exaltation of voice, you have the best blood. Heaven, and family-honours, here's usage indeed!

THANK Heaven and my noble-blooded ancestors, my Lord, nobody better, said I.

THE veins of your aunt are not less dignified—

SENSIBLE of that, my Lord, said I, her Ladyship's fine blood shines beside her fair complexion,



66 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

plexion, like the violet that groweth among the lilies of the valley.

Not amiss, said my uncle, simpering!

'Pshaw, you madeap, cried my aunt, patting my shoulder, and looking at the back of her hand, after gently rubbing it.

HANG it, rejoined my uncle, forgetting for a moment his dignity, this poor H. HEWSON means no harm after all; he is a poor simple thing.

AN unfortunate fish out of water, you may see by all his actions, said I, and I dare say thinks he has lived upon shore long enough, since he has had the honour to write a letter to Lord and Lady BLESSINGBOURNE.

Do you think so, nephew? cried my uncle and aunt (tickled by the flattery); well, then, let us not be offended: let the affair drop.

I DO really think, my Lord, rejoined I, if you were to write him an *answer*, you would make the poor fellow feel, as if he were in Heaven.

ANSWER him, said my Lord; what can I say to such a being?

SAY something, however, said my Lady, to the poor devil.

My

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 67

My uncle ordered the writing apparatus, and after as much writing as might have been necessary to lay the plot of a comedy, he wrote upon a large gilt card, in a hand very little better than HEWSON's, the following sentiments:

### TO H. HEWSON.

THE Earl and countess of BLESSINGBOURNE received H. HEWSON's letter, containing a simularius, and several other curiosities, worthy the pen of such a genll as H. HEWSON. As H. HEWSON's HETT. is, it seems, a person of the *lettermost specie*, the Earl and Countess have no objection to *she writing to she*, as often as *she* chooses. As SIR ANDREW FLIGHT, who is, it appears, H. HEWSON's friend, conveys this card, there is no occasion to watch any *flyer* opportunity to get it to H. HEWSON's hand. The Earl and Countess have only to desire H. HEWSON will not boast of this honour received from them, and to address them in *public* as little as possible, at least till he and his HETT. are *bettermost persons*.

THIS card, HEATHCOATE, penn'd so exactly to my wish, after being sealed with a flourish of the best wax, and stamped with the broad BLESSINGBOURNE arms, capped with a coronet, and decorated with supporters, was delivered to my care.

I CAR-

## 68 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

I CARRIED it to the farmer-gentleman, whom I found disputing the point of politeness with that beautiful piece of ignorance his wife.—She was pleased to be hugely offended by the contents of his Lordship's card, and declared, that Mr. HEWSON writ without her knowledge.—As to acquaintances, she had plenty—that she wrote every night to Miss DE GREY, and chose to owe her improvements to her own ingenuity.

THEN it's not my fault, cried the husband; you will bear me witness, Sir ANDREW, I have done *my* duty; 'tis none of my seeking that she won't *correspond* with a Ladyship, and a Countess: as for *my* part, I am not above getting all I can out of high and low; so I shall write just as I see *casion*, either to my Lord or Maister HEATHCOATE. And now you talk *o'that*, I must go *scheme* out a letter for the last-named *correspondent* directly.

AWAY he went, and I enjoyed the society of his HETT. all alone. She is absolutely a more charming woman, in my eyes, HEATHCOATE, even than LUCIA DE GREY; nor does she want sense, if she was not so consumedly addicted to admire every thing which you and I despise. But her beauty—her lips—eyes—neck—chest—waist—arm—cheek—bosom—angle——

I am, your's.

ANDREW FLIGHT.

L E T.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

Capt. CARLISLE to GEORGE LASCELLES, Esq.

**I** HAVE had a very foolish accident happen to aggravate the uneasiness of the Marchioness's last letter. It is in itself a trifle, yet the consequence to my *peace* will make it important to you. Sir ANDREW FLIGHT was playing off his witticisms and waggeries upon the ignorance of some country simpletons that are now at the *Place*, when I became so weary of his vociferous amusement; for where is the pleasure of sporting with inexperience—that I withdrew to Mr. DE GREY's garden, unobserved, or at least uninterrupted, by the company. MEDWAY was watching his fishing-rod: Lord BLESSINGBOURNE was withdrawn to his chamber for his afternoon's nap. Mr. DE GREY's garden is exceedingly large, and part of it is disposed into a wilderness, whose zig-zag is so intricate that you may sometimes have your whole prospect terminated by a yard's distance. The surrounding foliage, too, is of the thickest growth, being suffered to expand for several years, receiving from the gardener, from time to time, only such cares and loppings as to render the beautiful confusion more agreeable. Seats and bowers, apparently artificial, with here and there a dripping grotto, are distributed irregularly, and the  
shades

## 70 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

shades are every where so abundant, that the sun-beams rather cheer you by *stealth*, than by permission. I have, for my own part, an attachment—a sort of sentimental friendship, and good-will, for every bench, and for every tree: they were all favourites of my infancy: I sat upon the benches, and I caught instruction from the lips of Mr. DE GREY, under the trees. This, therefore, was the first time of my hailing them since my return. Believe me, I felt sensations that thrilled me, as I re-visited the places of my accustomed contemplation; I bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they were animate. I walked along the green meander, recognizing my old acquaintances; I listened to birds whose notes I affected to be *intimate* with my ear, as if they issued from the same warblers I had heard formerly. I complimented the cascades upon an *improved* melody in their cadence: every breeze that played upon every leaf, revived the balmy pleasures of infancy. Even intercourse with other countries (not odorous Italy herself) had not been able to supplant the *tenderness* I bore to the vernal beauties of Prudence Place.

AH, LASCELLES! what could be the reason of this? Presently I came to an alcove, which was originally the architecture of two children, who grew up together. It was a whole week's labour, divided betwixt Miss DE GREY and your CARLISLE: our little hands twisted the twigs, formed



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 71

formed the archings, and subdued the obstinate shrubs with inconceivable industry. Many a time we rested from the toil, and, as often being delighted with our progress, we renewed it. When it was completed, we gave—oh, I shall never forget it—a kiss of tenderest congratulation, as at having finished a work of *infinite importance*. Big with this innocent flattery, we ran, hand in hand, to our guardian, and with elated hearts bade him survey well our workmanship. The gravity with which he commended, and his affected astonishment at our *ingenuity*, gave the last and fullest stroke of our pride and vanity. Over the entrance, our guardian caused to be imprinted upon a label, in golden letters, this soothing intelligence to the stranger:

This Bower was raised by Clement and Lucia.

THE robin red-breast built in it the next, the *very* next year, and we had then, you know, the best reason in the world to think that Heaven itself was pleased with our amusement. The nest, you may be sure, was preserved, for both piety and pity were concerned in its protection. We trod with caution while the *sacred* bird was hatching: the whole feathered family presently took wing; and I do verily believe I hear one of them now whistling near my window.

Oh! LARGELLED! how soon is the heart that wishes to be inoffensive, lulled by little circumstances—

## 72 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

cumstances ! Smile not, then, if I tell you, that I saw with transport the names of LUCIA and CLEMENT still legible on their bower—the branches of sweetbriar, on either side, were eagerly extending as if to embrace—and I beheld the initials of my name very *recently* cut in the rind of a hawthorn, that formed one of the supports of our alcove.

WHAT sweet circumstances—how they melt the heart ! cried I.

AT that moment the softest-tuned voice in the world repeated distinctly the following verses, from her favourite poet :

“ In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,  
Where heav’nly pensive contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;  
What means this tumult in a Vestal’s veins ?  
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?  
Why feels my heart it’s long-forgotten heat ?  
Yet, yet I *love*, from ABELARD it came,  
And ELOISA yet must kiss the name.”

YOU are not to be told it was LUCIA DE GREY. In the next instant she passed within sight of me, the book still in her hand. Unprepared on both sides for the surprise, we were inexpressibly confused. Beautiful lines, Miss DE GREY, said I. Yes, indeed, replied she. I think, Miss DE GREY, in a former part of our life we used frequently to read the charming Mr.

POPE

POPE *together*—In this very garden, Mr. CARLISLE; do you recollect your old bower, said she? If I mistake not, Madam, said I—Madam, CLEMENT? Madam, Mr. CARLISLE? replied she, as if a little offended. I say, continued I, Miss DE GREY, if I remember right, *this* is that bower. You had almost forgot it, then, Mr. CARLISLE, had you? I suppose *Italy* (the garden of the universe) hath put all our *English* roses quite out of countenance: Prudence Place is, to be sure, a mere nettle-bed.—Ah, no, Madam! (said I, upon the edge of an explanation, but happily checking myself in time) though certainly Italy hath its charms. Oh, no doubt of it, replied LUCIA; but I believe, Sir, the company will have lost their chief felicity by your absence. I hear Mr. *Medway* coming; I know his rapid, random step; and I dare say his errand is from the deserted society to the runaway Captain CARLISLE. If you please, Miss DE GREY, we will retire, then. I will just finish my poem and follow you, Sir. We parted. 'Tis evident she loves MEDWAY to distraction, LASCELLES—She *knows his step*.—He was then in search of her, *doubtless, by her appointment*.—I wish them happy—very, very happy. But my head aches; my heart is not quite well; and I must wish you a good night.

C. CARLISLE.

## L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. TOWNSEND.

CONFUSION, TOWNSEND! I have discovered the plot—I have got a clue to the whole matter. I am, I perceive, a very catspaw. I am made the convenient cloak to conceal the passion of *another*. Yes, TOWNSEND, I saw CARLISLE at the very farthest end of DE GREY's garden in earnest conversation with LUCIA: at my approach he turned into a different walk, and went into the house. I overtook the guilty fair one, and caught her in the very act of reading ELOISA to ABELARD; which is as much as to say, if I can't talk with him, I can at least *write a letter* to him; and I dare say they do correspond: every body in this family scribbles, and I don't at all doubt but there is fine flourishing penwork going forward between LUCIA and CARLISLE. As to the first, I only walked quickly by her, without deigning to *speak*, and I pulled off my hat with unusual respect, as much as to say—Oh, oh, my young lady, have I caught you! I shall repeat the same behaviour when I meet her again, and then it is impossible she should mistake my meaning. With respect to the Captain, whom I honour as a friend and gentleman, in every *other* matter, his life is not worth sixpence, for  
he

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 75

he must as surely die this night, as that he insulted me this day; or else he must injure me still more, by taking me off. I only write this to you, TOWNSEND, just to account for any delay in my correspondence, should it be *my* fate instead of *his*. In that case I desire you will be at the breaking open my will, because you are mentioned therein, by

Your old friend,

OLIVER MEDWAY.

## L E T T E R XXXIX.

From the Same to Captain CARLISLE.

**N**OT a word more than is necessary shall be used. I suppose you know the little green lane at the south side of DE GREY's paddock—the *farthest* end of it is out of the report of a pistol's getting to the ear of the family—six yards the distance—twelve the hour—LUCIA the word—you understand me—mum—good evening. Hush.

O. MEDWAY.

## L E T T E R XL.

Captain CARLISLE, in answer.

**I** SHALL certainly give you the meeting, MEDWAY, in the hope of convincing you, that  
E a the



76 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

the chance of duelling might be poor satisfaction to a man who has, as you have, all the reason in the world to think himself most tenderly beloved by such a woman as Miss DE GREY. However, if you choose to hazard the continuance of this blessing, which at present you so fully enjoy, why, take your own way, and do not blame

Your obedient servant,

C. CARLISLE.

L E T T E R XLI.

Mr. MEDWAY to Captain CARLISLE.

**M**Y dear Captain, I would not now die for the world: nor would I have *you* die: it is plain, then, to *you*, that I am *tenderly beloved*; and since you are, as well as I, convinced, I fully enjoy this blessing, what in the devil's name should I run my neck into danger for? So, she *told* you as much. How shy all the sex to the men they love, when they have a mind to it! But 'tis nature: pray, my dear boy, go to bed—sleep heartily—don't come near me—I won't be met—I shall go to bed myself—I am a jealous fool—whew, whew.—There there; the fit's over. Good night.

O. MEDWAY.

L E T-

## L E T T E R XLII.

Miss LASCELLES to Miss DE GREY.

**I** SYMPATHISE most tenderly with my dearest Miss DE GREY: yet, surely, she makes to herself more misery than is necessary: it is impossible for Captain CARLISLE to be so intimately acquainted with LUCIA's charms and virtues without admiring them; and as to any *Italian* attachments, I think I can take upon me to say, he is bound by none of those. Perhaps some *uneasiness* may look like *disrespect* in him at present. Depend upon it, all will in a little time be happy; in which assurance it is that I venture to say you are much happier than some women. It is with pleasure I subscribe the name of

Your affectionate

CAROLINE LASCELLES.

## L E T T E R XLIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**T**RIOUMPH, more triumph, HEATHCOATE! I have got a treasure! In a close lane, as I pursued my walk, I found the paper which I inclose: it is evidently the property of the pretty would-be bred Mrs. HEWSON, and is so much in the true taste of that burlesque we love (although

78 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

though so seriously *intended*) that I esteem it the most invaluable essay upon the *elements of high life* in the world. Read and re-inclose it, for it will serve a purpose now forming in the bosom of

Your ever happy

ANDREW FLIGHT.

The inclosed.

My Note-Book of Manners,  
To be read by me every evening going to bed.

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

*Memorandums and Notes, &c.*

*Mem.*—Miss DE GREY always sips her wine softly.

*Note.*—It is unlike a lady to drink *heartily*, as if one were adry.

*Mem.*—Miss D. G. inclines the head a little *tiny bit* on one side, when she returns thanks. 'Tis charming.

*Mem.*—Lady BLESSINGBOURNE half closes her eye-lids, and does not choose to *see too plainly*. Strong eyes vulgar.

*Note.*—Very like a gentlewoman to be short-sighted.

*Mem.*

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 79

*Mem.*—Miss D. G. never lets her hands *drop down*.

*Note.*—It makes them red so to do. Hands should not sink below the bottom of the waist.

*Mem.*—Miss D. G. speaks low and sweet.

*Note.*—Very rude for any thing *under a Countess* to talk at the top of the voice. A Dutchess may use a great bad word.

*Mem.*—Lady B. takes snuff—Miss D. G. does not. Countesses may snuff.

*Note.*—Horrid for any body *under a title*, or under forty years of age, to indulge in snuff; but they may hold it up to the nose, in order to shew a pretty hand, and *affect* to take it.

*Mem.*—Miss D. G. steps modestly, and with an easy motion: Lady B. wriggles and totters. —Lovely weaknesses!

*Note.*—Inconceivably polite to totter and wriggle. I can hardly hold my pen! Lord, how I will totter! how I will wriggle!

*Mem.*—Knife and fork sweetly held by Miss D. G.

*Note.*—*I* attend too much to the viſuals, and  
not

80 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

not enough to the manner of cutting and putting it into my mouth.

*Mem.*—Lady B. passed yesterday by a tradesman of her's, and did not see him.

*Note.*—Highly polite to *overlook an inferior.*

*Mem.*—A young person saluted her Ladyship this morning with a curtesy down to the ground. The *person* had, formerly, been waiting-woman to her Ladyship: her Ladyship had not the faintest recollection of ever having seen her before. The words *bless me, who should that thing be*, very proper on such occasions.

*Note.*—Exceedingly genteel not to recollect obscure creatures.

*Mem.*—I actually heard the Countess hawk, spit into her handkerchief, and then *look at it.*—Miss D. G. never gives more than a gentle *hem*, and then half turns away her head, so that when you again see her face, you see it tinged with a blush.

*Note.*—Very fashionable for persons of quality to do that which would ill become Misses. I believe I must never venture to spit; but I do more than *hem* now.

*Mem.*—Lady B's countenance always encourages



THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 81

courages certain innuendoes—well-bred indecencies.

*Note.*—Charmingly polite to be above *shyness*—a great defect in Miss D. G. who is always serious, holds down her head, and *won't bear* on these occasions.

*Mem.*—The Countess frequently cants one leg over the other, and sits in that posture. Miss D. G. scarce shews her ankle, although it is finely turned. She has not yet got the better of prejudices.

*Note.*—Fashion gives a freedom to the limbs.

*Mem.*—Miss D. G. sits upright, and attends too much to her shape. The Countess lolls carelessly, and leans upon her arm.

*Note.*—Nothing shews breeding more than a loll, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. HEATHCOATE, Esq.

Esquire HEATHCOATE,

**G**IVE every man his title and dignification, as Lord BLESSINGBOURNE says, therefore I  
E 5 begin

## 82 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

begin my *horrespoudunce* with you, at the instigation of Sir ANDREW, with calling you Esquire, which is certainly your due, seeing you are out of trade, and do *nothing at all for your livelyhood*. I am to write what I get in the way of breedin, it seems, to you, which is a thing pleasing, seeing that you must, without doubt be a master of the business.

BUT I believe I shall have a wearisome spell o'work on't, before I am as I should be: Case why? there goes more to the making an honest man a gentleman than I had at first any *ideerer* of. I ha' been *i'th'way on't* only three or four days, and I can see, already, *i'ant* to be run up, as a man would run up a rick of hay. Ods woundlikins, Esquire HEATHCOATE, there is no end on't. But howsomever, to shew you that I am not quite a *numscull*, I'll just mention a few matters that I ha' got in memory, which is as thof one were to call it a storehouse to lay by things for future use. In the first place you must understand, that I see plain enough that the first rule of your *bettermost* person is to make a bit of pleasant grin come into's *phisibog* whenever he first meets any one, as much as to signify, that he knows how to carry his head. In the next place, I find 'tis proper to make up this bit of a grin at first sight, whether you like the man or not. Case why? a gentleman should not shew that he is cuss'd angry, *cept* upon *caasion* of interest, seeing that  
*pliteness*

*plitenefs* knows how to smile i'th' face, while it puts finger in pocket. 3dly, I ha' noticed, that the less a man puts *bat* on's head, the better: Case why? it's the sooner doff'd without pinching out the corners; besides which, its *plite* to carry powder and *pummadam* enough to keep the cranium comfortable without it. I find a strange *difficulty*, Esquire, in getting my foot into the right slide of *plitenefs*; for, I perceives head and foot dive together—*out* goes foot, *down* goes head: this is a cufs'd crankum piece of business. Saving your presence, I can't see the fun of bowing and scraping *too*: nay, ifack, what do I talk of that? some here, at *Prudence Place* must needs kiss their hands, and then swing 'em out at the same time. The young *Captain* does this; aye, Esquire, young CARLISLE's hands, head, and heels, all work at once, as smooth and cutely as a bird i'th' air. I'd give almost more than I'm worth, if I could but wriggle out the hinder part o'me, just like Lord BLESSINGBOURNE: when *he* first comes into room, I warrant me, he does nothing but *treat* and *vance*, shuffle and cut, and go backwards and forwards, sticking out his rump, and *craning* his fine, thin, long, meagre, nine-haired head, which I find is the *pliteft* head a man can have. Yet he knows who's to have a wriggle of the bum, and who not, too: I warrant you he is a cute one: he don't gig and drop his fine *plite* head to every body alike: no, believe me; he has the measure of what's every man's due, from the Duke to the stable-boy.

Down

## 84 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Down goes his genteel head quite on's breast, to Captain CARLISLE; but when I puts in for a bit of civility, I can't get his neck to move downward half so civilly—Case why? I am but a poor fellow just come among *plite specie*. But I don't allow myself any 'vantages; for though I ha' put on the best suit to my back, *t'an't* at all the thing. Sir ANDREW says my wig is enough to ruin me for ever, if there were nothing else in the way. 'Tis as good a bob as ever was bought, and sits as snugly to *seace*; but, alas! what's a bob where you shan't see any thing under a bag, and that *flouriddled* with ribbons and *tossicums*? Young CARLISLE, indeed, lets *his* hair fly too and fro, just as he and the wind can settle it: Case why? he has so much on't, and 'tis so well coloured, and twirls itself off into such ringlets, that *he* is *plite* any way. I ha' bespoke a bag, though I know *aforehand* 'twill make a 'devil o'me, and so I told GAB, who is to ha' the fellow on't. Comfort, though, that I can't look worse than GAB when I'm bag'd, bag me when they will. For at any rate, I ha' gotten flesh on my *seace*, and a little jot of colour i'my cheeks to set it off, as well as a stout pair of shoulders; whereas GAB has werretted all the flesh off's bones by larning. Without a word of a joke, Esquire, I don't believe GAB has a pound of substance on's whole *carkiss*; and as *to's jaws*, has no more meat upon them than upon the bill of chicken: his back is quite a *skelitum*; and tho' his hair is no bad raven-colour, yet it grows so cuse'd

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 85

cuffs'd *odd on's head*, and is so *lankum rat-eaten'um*, as a body might say, if they were mind to talk larned, that I would not gee frap of a finger *for's whole growth*. But now I'm upon good breeding, Esquire, I desire to know whether a trick I saw Lord BLESSINGBOURNE (who is ever a *cold*) do to-day 'fore men, women, and children, is the *common practise* of your bettermost specie: that is, standing with bumfiddle to fire with coat up, and now and then popping hand *below waist-band*. Mayhap, my Lord may'nt be quite so *well* as he would be thereabouts, just at present; and it may be a comfort *to'un* to feel now and then how matters go; for which reason I won't venture upon this action till I know whether 'tis a general thing or not. Not that I dislike it, but that just yet it seems awkward to such an ignorant *feller* as I.

NOTHING i'th'way of breeding more, at present—But I ha<sup>d</sup> filled my paper, which I take to be always the *plite* thing. So I rest, at the bottom of the sheet,

Your

HENRY HEWSON.

## L E T T E R XLV.

MR. DE GREY TO MR. CARLISLE.

Prudence Place.

**M**Y best and dearest CARLISLE must pardon the formality of receiving an old friend's letter,  
dated.



## 86 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

dated, written, and directed from the same house that contains both the writer and reader of it. The reason is, Prudence Place is at this time so crowded with different sorts of people, and one has so little opportunity to steal leisure for conversation of the *higher kind*, that I do not imagine a subject which is at this crisis so very warm at my heart, can be so well or so explicitly handled as upon paper. So much for the apology: I come now to the *matter*.—The days, the months, the years of *tuition* are now past—those seasons, my CLEMENT, in which I had the honour and the happiness (for it was both) to point out to you the paths of propriety and virtue, are over; for the *Pupil* is even already, at the most early age of twenty-one, become the *Preceptor*: he is the *Tutor of Truth*: he hath already got orphans and widows under his guardianship—the noblest of all guardianship, my CLEMENT—the guardianship of *Sensibility*. I thank you, Sir, for doing me so much honour. When you left this country for ITALY, I did not imagine there was room for improvements; you were amiable, polite, and prudent; as free from pedantry, on the one hand, as from dissipation and the distracted joys of an overgrown boy, on the other. Yet, on my first beholding you, the other day, I was struck with an *additional* finishing, an elegant *compleatness*, which, though not before seeming to be wanted, was, as it *now* appears, absolutely necessary. Forgive the garrulous vanity of an old man, Sir; forgive me, if I lodge,

lodge, with all the narrative tediousness of age, a little longer on this part of the subject. There are circumstances, which *allow* us to swell out the heart, without making it ridiculous. You, Sir, occasion in me a pride of this nature. Some men's ambition, in the last state of life, is gratified by walking, or rather hobbling, into their fields and gardens, to recognize those flourishing shades which are the produce of their own cultivation. I have heard a veteran neighbour of mine, a thousand times exclaim,—See, Mr. DE GREY, how industrious I have been! that long and lusty range of oaks, extending from this pasture even to the farthestmost avenue in the next, did I plant with my own hand.—I remember the day when the whole row (containing, perhaps, two hundred sticks of timber) were so many petty acorns not so big as a walnut; and see, only see how they have sped. I could raise a little navy—verily, neighbour, I could fit out a fleet with a wood of my own raising.

SUCH ideas, I own, are not displeasing, CLEMENT: but they are far from being expanded enough, for *my* emulation; my emulation chooses a nobler object, and takes a wider course. My object, Sir, is not circumscribed by any thing within the scope of *inanimate nature*; and though I could be able to look out upon whole forests of my own cultivation, it would not satisfy me. No, Mr. CARLISLE, I have a far *finer* pleasure. I have it to say, that the politest gentleman, and  
the

the best man of his age, was once the child of my instruction. He was left by that Heaven, which took to itself his natural parents, at an age when gentle treatment makes a parent of any one. I received this dear and delicate trust from the trembling arm of a dying man, and I value it, as a legacy given me in the moment that the soul of a friend was departing. Yes, at such a tender period, was you bequeathed to me, Mr. CARLISLE: my child, LUCIA, was exactly of the same age; and you grew together. The beauty of your forms, like the power of your minds, was similar. I can only say farther, that nature points out to me none of her nice distinctions or partialities. In the hour of your childhood I caressed you both with the same sensibility, and now that you are mature I divide my heart *evenly* between you. But this touch of transport hath seduced me into a digression. Old folks are, I perceive, on their favourite subject, as tiresome in their writing as in their talking; and therefore they have as few correspondents as hearers. It is time, however, to return to my subject.

ON looking back at my account-book, my dear Mr. CARLISLE, I find that your birth-day hath gone by almost a month. You seem to have forgot that it entitles you to the command and sole disposition of an immense fortune. Money was, I am proud to say, never a disputable point with us, except when coercive measures were obliged to be taken in order to force upon

you.

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 89

you a remittance. This, however, by no means exculpates me for detaining what ought to be in more amiable, as well as more able hands. I reproach myself, when I consider how many cruelties my delay may have been guilty of, Mr. CARLISLE, to those whose fortunes *you* have in trust: methinks, I hear the curse of the widow, the languishing sigh of sickness, and the murmur of merit in the darksome vale: I see, too, the tears stream from the eyes of the fatherless—Oh! for Heaven's sake, my friend, relieve me—rescue me, instantly, from continuing the injury to that part of your family which Providence hath put under your care.

I SHALL, most readily, be prepared to render up an ample account of my agency, whenever (and the sooner the better) you will honour me with your appointment.

THUS much for *fortune*. I had it in my mind, CLEMENT, to venture a few sentiments upon *happiness*, which are, by no means, things incompatible, although they are not often inseparable. But any thing I could advance on this head is unnecessary to such a *mind* as your's. With respect to your *heart*, I own, I meditated a few words upon that subject also: but I am in great doubt, whether this is the proper point of time to speak to it; yet my propensity is so warm, and the prattling, or rather, at present, scribbling, old man,

is

90 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

is so strong, or, to speak more truly, so *feeble* in me, that I can scarce resist.

THE interest of your heart must naturally, my dear CLEMENT, be of more concern to me than any other that belongs to you. You are exactly at the age when tenderness falls with the fullest force upon our nature; as you have a form to command love, so have you feeling to return it. That sensibility, which makes you a parent to the poor, and those accomplishments which endear you to society, in general, will assist and even lead to connexions of a softer kind. I am afraid, it would border a little upon that impertinence which I would avoid, else I should ask you, in the cordiality of my good wishes, whether it is *possible* for so amiable a man, to have passed through *Italy*, and to have resided in the capital of England, (the very court of female beauty) with an inclination unattached, and passions unalarmed. This is too great a paradox for me to credit, even in imagination: and yet, I am *mightily interested* in the question and its answer. Perhaps you will humour an old friend's *caprices*, and, for once, trust him (who can be no rival) with a love-secret. Suppose you were to steal an hour from the strange mixture of our present family, and scribble a line or two on this matter. I dispatch this by your trusty grey-headed GEOFFREY, who, you know, may be the confidant of every message that can come from such a master. I am, my dear Mr. CARLISLE, Your most perfect friend,

And most obedient servant,

ROBERT DE GREY.



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 91

P. S. The HEWSONS are just what you call them, honest, imprudent people, who have had the great misfortune to come in for ten thousand pounds a-piece, at a very unlucky crisis. I had the management of their affairs when their whole expectations were bounded by a small annuity; and they still call me Guardian. I wish I had influence enough over these random wards to persuade each of them to remain quiet, and be happy in despite of this unseasonable windfall. They are here upon a *polite* scheme; I heartily wish they would go home upon a *prudent* one. This may be the case, by and by.

### L E T T E R XLVI.

The Marchioness of N. to Capt. CARLISLE.

Cruel CARLISLE,

YOU confess then that you have written to the detested Marquis: you even avow the sentiments of your letter to him; you own, that they are to *hasten him to England*. But do you think, Sir, I am to be thus treated like a child, and threatened with being chid by that bugbear, *my husband*? or do you imagine, I will ever allow myself to be re-united to him. Preposterous expectation! No, Mr. CARLISLE, tho' I am a slave to my own passions, I will never more be a slave to those of another! You argue in vain about rights and laws and duties—in vain you  
urge

92 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

urge the maxims of the world, and the custom of nations. I have lived so long under the Italian heavens, that I have forgot—utterly forgot—the colder atmosphere of cloudy England. I have learned to follow my feelings, and to abhor chains that were forced upon me by paternal authority. You direct me to the sacred circle of gold upon my fingers; you call it the cæstus of fidelity. I grew enraged to consider a man, scarce more than twenty, thus coldly argue upon a tender offer of no contemptible passion. My *pride* took the alarm, and I tore your Epistle, and threw the ring from my finger at the same time. I stampt upon it with indignation. Miss LASCELLES appeared, and, as if you had pre-instructed her, she acted upon the occasion as the very priestess of piety. “Fie, my dear Marchioness, (said she, folding her palms together in the true conventicle manner) these outrages are ever dreadful, but when they arise from so bad a *cause*, what strength of terms can sufficiently reprobate them! Consider the reserve and decorum of your sex!—consider the consequences!—consider your character!”

“Ah frigid insolent! is this the mode of British hospitality? Do you *lesson* those whom you protect? and do you, nevertheless, boast of your island as an asylum for the wretched, and for the stranger? Where are your sanctuaries for an unhappy woman—where is your courtesy for tenderness and the wounded heart in despair? But you

you northern Islanders grow upon too frozen a foil to feel the power of sentiment, which glows nearer to the sun.

THE subject must be hateful to you, and I will quit it: but, still, Mr. CARLISLE, something is due to my *pride*, whatever is denied to my *passion*. I will not stay here to be the triumph of those, who have chastity because they have not hearts. Miss LASCELLES hath, of late, assumed a language of lofty advice to which I am not accustomed. She pities me—she is sorry—she wishes me well—she will do every thing warranted by *discretion*—she wishes Captain CARLISLE and I had met sooner. The affair is delicate—she hopes that prudence will prevail.

Ah! CARLISLE, that my extravagance of affection should have reduced me to this! Oh! that I could change—Oh! that I could reverse the passion—I would sacrifice fifty years of my life to hate you.

AH! what have I said? To what violation of the truth hath my passion led me? No, my CARLISLE, no; I would not wish to hate you—wretched as I am, I would not even wish to love you less. 'Though the agony is extreme, there are moments of transport, known only to bosoms like mine, that repay me for it. Hate you—O heavens! what a word! what an idea  
to

to mix with that, which dresses up the irresistible CARLYSLE! Pardon the blottings which are staining this part of my paper. They are made by tears that shew at least some tincture of virtue. In other circumstances you say it would have been your pride to have courted the softness which is now so pressingly offered. How then is it possible *my* eyes should be dry, when I perceive those circumstances so unlikely ever to happen? Yet, I cannot lose the idea—I cannot disengage myself from the delusion, though I know it to be no more. Persist then in your virtue, Sir; but deny me not the little gale of pleasure that blows from fancy. Continue to let me hope—continue to correspond—only condescend to allow me the flattery of thinking I am not hated by the loveliest of men, and I will sustain any thing for his sake. I will remain quiet where I am, and sit composed under the frown of *virtue without temptation*. I will bear the thought of even seeing again the Marquis. I will do any thing you would have me, if you will still continue to say you do not utterly execrate me, for a guilt occasioned by tenderness.

The most unfortunate

Marchioness of N.

LET-

## L E T T E R XLVII.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

**M**Y dilemma is even greater than before. The inclosed, from Mr. DE GREY, is even more perplexing than that which you transmitted from the Marchioness. Both perplex my imagination, in what manner to answer them. Mr. DE GREY's reason for inquiring into the state of my affections, is, evidently, for fear my return to Prudence Place, (now that his daughter is in the full bloom of her sense and beauty there) should inspire me with a passion that, he knows, would terminate in despair; apprised too as he is of her engagement to Mr. MEDWAY. It is very natural for him to imagine I should fall into this charming temptation; so that this is a little generous stratagem (under the guise of ordinary curiosity) to prevent the mortification, and the misery in time. Mr. MEDWAY is so singular a man, that, if he did not constantly assure me almost every time he sees me, that his passion runs before the wind, I should scarce credit, that a person whom I hardly ever saw speak to Miss DE GREY, should have made such progress in her affections. It is plain, however, now from her *own* conduct, that she is fervently attached; for her address, air, manner, and whole deportment to me, are utterly changed. I am  
no



96 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

no longer delighted by that lovely affability, which, though playful, was ever corrected by modesty. She no longer consults my taste, which she was wont to flatter, about her dress, her ornaments, and ten thousand innocent trifles, that, nevertheless, (trifles as they are) make up the chief endearment of domestic society. She speaks in form; her eye is averted; her sentiments sound *studied*. We are no longer like CLEMENT and LUCIA, who employed their infant cares in rearing the *same bower*. Mr. DE GREY's letter therefore, joined to Mr. MEDWAY's assurances, and Miss DE GREY's behaviour point out to me, pretty plainly, what kind of an answer it is proper for me to make to the former. I am somewhat consoled to reflect, that, even in my most familiar moments, I never entered flatly into overtures with LUCIA, so that I cannot create any uneasiness in her bosom upon my account; for, had that been the case, her sensibility is so uncommon, LASCELLES, she would have felt for *my* disappointment, amidst all the gaiety of her own successes. Since *her* heart is happily engaged (if she *thinks* it so, it certainly *is* so) it now becomes a duty, more than ever, in me, to *conceal* the feelings of *mine*. Whatever be the violence of my passion, it has no right to be troublesome to any other bosom: and I was never able to account for that cowardly conduct, which induces us to enbitter the joy of a rival and a mistress because they were more fortunate or happy than ourselves. Beside,  
that

that such complaints never awaken more than compassion which is not desirable, they aggravate disappointment till it rushes upon disgrace. But, methinks I hear you retort upon me! "Why trouble *me* with your misery then, CLEMENT? Ah LASCELLES, we are not such abstracted beings as to lock up our sentiments, either of joy or sorrow, in absolute solitude. The very thoughts would stagnate, by such means. On some generous breast every man must, by the very gravitation of his nature, lean for support in his misery. Every man culls from the species his congenial counterpart; and it is as necessary to have a friend for our confidence, as a mistress for our tenderness. Away with those *miserly* minds, which feel an avarice even of their noblest feelings. Plurality of friendships may, perhaps, like plurality of lovers, be inadmissible; but, surely, it is very possible to be fond of one mistress and faithful to one friend, at the same time. Oh! Mr. LASCELLES, what hourly occasion is there for one or other of these blessings! As joys and sorrows alternately prevail, how soothing is the congratulating hand and chearful voice to the one! and the gentle tear, or sympathizing sigh to the other! Ah enchanting communication! without which, even transport must lie languishing at the heart! and in *misfortune* the wretch who is separated from his species, and sits loose to the kindness of an individual, shall, like a wounded deer, lament his disaster without pity, and die forlorn.

## 98 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

WITH respect to the Marchioness, I am every way so circumstanced that I am puzzled even to reply to her. It would be too much like affectation, and a kind of male prudery in me to say, that, if matters were in another channel, I should not be flattered by this overbearing tide of tenderness in so beautiful an object. Heaven knows I am not *insensible* to the charms of beauty. Something that at this moment presses hard upon my heart, convinces me I am not. But situated as I am, how is it possible to receive such a letter as her last without distress? Believe me, LASCELLES, I feel no elation at the compliment of so distinguished a preference, although I acknowledge the Marchioness to be as you say, with your favourite Yorick, "amongst the first order of fine forms." I acknowledge too her command over the passions: her fire; her eloquence; the delicacy of her shape; the dignity of her deportment: yet, I feel nothing but anxiety at her present conduct. The reason you will say, is, my secret attachment to *another*. Be it so. Yet, were even that barrier removed, I should, I am positive, still be unhappy, and not flattered by the attentions of the charming Marchioness. You are an animated man, and no doubt call me a cold-blooded creature! By no means. My passions are as lively as they generally are in *any* bosom at my age; but, perhaps, my *taste of voluptuousness* differs a little from the general juvenile idea. I have a great pleasure in pleasing *my own mind*: nay, I have a great *interest* in

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 99

in so doing; whenever I have done wrong, I have always found that the pain resulting from it, is too heavy to be counterbalanced by the pleasure which produced it. I have my wayward propensities as well as another; a whim hath often seized me by the heart, and I have at all events indulged it. For *the time*, it was extasy, and, for ought I can tell, the extasy was heightened by a sense of the *venture* at which the deed was done. Presently (and indeed close upon the heel of it) comes the *per contra* of the action, if you will suffer me to borrow a term from trade. My frolic being over, memory is commanded, by a power we cannot resist, to *retrace* it; and if in going through the mazes of the past I met any thing wrong, or uneven, against the cause of that integrity which I profess to love, the thorns are from that moment in my bosom, and for so much mirth, I am rewarded seven-fold in misery. I am so constructed that I can no more stand against the rebuff of a blush on my own cheek than against the thunder of a cannon: the sigh which my weakness may at any time have extorted from another bosom, agonizes my own; and a tear, which I once, very undesignedly, drew from an innocent creature haunts me from place to place, and the precious drop, for it was wrung from the eyes of *Lucia*, is still trembling in my imagination.

I HAVE enlarged upon this subject, because my behaviour might want (to your fancy) an apology.

logy. That people do not all act on the same principle, is because they do not all analyze the real cause of that anguish which so often treads upon pleasure. There is, methinks, one simple law, that comprises all the wisdom of the prophets, and all the sagacity of philosophers: I feel it better than I can describe it; but to give you some idea of it, I shall just lay it down as a note, that whenever a man is upon the edge of an enjoyment, (let it relate to whatever part of indulgence it may) he has only to consider, whether it will not, sooner or later, be returned by *more* than an equal misery: if, however, even the prospect of *greater pain* does not deter, let him hazard the joy: then while the *actual agony* is full upon him, let him again compare the *actual pleasure*: after this his heart must be very perverse, and his head very much intoxicated, if for the future his pleasures are not such as will not *hurt* him after they are over. Innocent pleasures are, indeed, *never* over: they spring directly from the soul; and like that, they are immortal. Like mercy too, they are "twice blest:" they delight us while they are acting, and conscience makes them sacred in reflection.

It is upon this principle I am proceeding with regard to AUGUSTA. She is the wife of a man to whom I had the honour to tender what he reckoned an obligation. This makes his property more especially sacred to me. She is, also, the wife of a man whom, notwithstanding the



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 101

the roughness of his manners, I believe to be valuable. She is *in trust*—In short she is every thing that she should *not be* to make a mistress of; and as I told you before, my *taste of voluptuousness* must have the present circumstances wholly inverted—that is to say—she must be unmarried, and *averse* to marriage; unconnected, and unclaimed in the way of connexion, and I, unattached too—before I could congratulate myself upon the conquest of this flower of Italy.

YET, till the Marquis comes, for Heaven's sake use every method to soothe and quiet her: do not advise your sister to oppose her in the heat of her sentiments. She is too furious for admonition. Her imagination is too much in its hey-day. Her passions will die of themselves; and she will consolidate perhaps, after all, into a regular character. Her situation with you is so very delicate, that I know your sister is in a dilemma; but still, AUGUSTA has many virtues. I have seen a thousand instances of her benevolence: the Italian peasants bless her door, and kiss the very threshold of it, because imprinted by her footsteps. She is at this time under the influence of *Fancy*; it is a sort of feverish fit that attacks smartly at first, and will away again. The handsome creature is but just touching nineteen. She is a child, my dear LASCELLES, and this truant disposition is a trick of the leading string; without parents and of a vigorous imagination, she is yet, as to human life, in the nursery.

102 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

nursery. No more, my friend—think not of her as of one abandoned: that is not the case. As to her glowing language, let not that displease your sister, though unaccustomed to her ear. The Italian women know nothing of that reserve and pathetic bashfulness, which guards the expressions of the British fair. They speak freely and flowingly—the Marchioness adds to the custom, even the ardours of *constitution*. But, indeed, she is not a base character—Once it is said the Marquis in his violence struck her. Her pride was hurt. She thought it beneath the dignity of the man who had figured at the front of an army—she never forgave it—’twas wrong. But who hath not a fault to be forgiven? Farewell. I have written myself into some composition, and that will plead my excuse for having so long intruded. I am your’s,

C. CARLISLE.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

**S**URELY every day is commissioned to present some new mystery, and no hour decreed to unfold or explain it! My father whispered, as I sat at dinner yesterday, that he had a little private conversation for me, and would contrive an opportunity very soon to chat with me. You know his method of treating his children, CAROLINE.

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 103

ROLINE. Towards the close of the evening (when Lord and Lady BLESSINGBOURNE were airing, Mrs. HEWSON at her looking-glass, where she is practising breeding, Mr. MEDWAY at the river with his fishing-rod, and Mr. CARLISLE at his writing-desk) we found the leisure we wanted, and walked into the garden together. We will settle a little while in this very bower, my dear, says my father: 'tis as pretty and cooling as any in the garden.

OH, CAROLINE, it was the bower of CLEMENT and LUCIA!

Yes, Sir, replied I; it is very pretty and cooling, indeed.

I SUPPOSE, LUCIA, your fellow-labourer who helped to make it has not paid it a visit since his return. Such humble shades must yield to the Spices of Italy. He has, to be sure, forgot an arbour of mere English hawthorns and woodbines.

I — I — believe he has, Sir.

A-propos, LUCIA, do you hold in the same mind still? Do you still think him the *incomparable* CARLISLE? Prudence Place can boast just at present, *several* brilliant men. We have the laughter-loving Sir ANDREW, of a very agreeable person. We have the manly Mr. MED-  
WAY,

104 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

WAY, odd, but amiable. Putting these both against Mr. CARLISLE, is he still the *superlative* degree? There are two to one LUCIA. What say you?

I BELIEVE they have all their merit, Sir.

BUT is their merit perfectly equal in *your* opinion, my dear?

As to that, Sir, I—should suppose—no doubt—that is—in short, Sir, as I have not known them all the same time—as one can judge more of intimates than casual acquaintances—

YOU prefer CLEMENT, I suppose?

I HAVE known him the longest, Sir,

MEDWAY, my dear, has great connexions.

SIR?

SIR ANDREW has good humour, and will be heir to Lord BLESSINGBOURNE.

SIR —?

BUT CARLISLE is the more accomplished gentleman.

MOST certainly he is, Sir, *beyond comparison.*

Do

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 105

Do you think *beyond comparison*, LUCIA?

SIR——?

I SAY, my dear LUCIA, do you really think  
—that—that?

BLESS me, Sir, how faint the air gets when  
the breeze falls, at this season of the year——

YONDER comes GEOFFRY.

FROM Mr. CARLISLE; perhaps upon pri-  
vate business—I will, if you please, withdraw,  
Sir.

IF the heat is troublesome, pray do, my dear.

VERY troublesome, indeed, Sir—Lord bless  
me! there is not a breath of wind. As sure as  
can be, there is a tempest in the skies.

THUS ended our dialogue—What does it  
mean, CAROLINE? I never was more confused  
in my life. What could old GEOFFRY be com-  
ing for? The old fellow, who only wishes him-  
self young again to dispatch with more haste the  
commands of his master, quite ran on the occa-  
sion.

ON my return into the house, I met Mr.  
MEDWAY with an handkerchief full of fish,  
and in the highest degree pleased with his suc-  
cess.



106 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

cess. By way of courtesy *en passant*, I told him, he must certainly carry a *charm* about him to attract so many fish out of the water in so little time. Upon which he caught hold of my wrist, and, after looking round the room to see if any body was present—hush—hush—for God's sake, child—walls have eyes—and worms have ears, as I always told you.

FROM this, and some other strange things, I have seen in this man, I am convinced his head is not exactly as it should be.

NOT a view of CARLISLE all this morning since breakfast. No solicitation to sing, to touch the guittar, to walk in the garden, to count the fruit, to read Pope, to—to—to—

It is very barbarous he should all at once take such a dislike to me!

I WISH Italy had been far enough before he had seen it. Pray, my dear, are the ladies so *very* beautiful in that country? Towards *Rome*, for instance! I have been looking into my father's library for a sort of *history*, and *manners* of that country. Not, indeed, that I am concerned in the matter; but yet, if any thing of this kind happens to fall in your way, you may purchase and send it me by the first conveyance.

LUCIA DE GREY.

P. S.

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 107

P. S. Lord B. sets out this evening from our *Place* to his seat in Shropshire. Sir ANDREW continues with us, on purpose to teaze the silly HEWSONS. MIDWAY is to be mad with us all the season.

### L E T T E R XLIX.

Lord BLESSINGBOURNE to Mr. DE GREY.

S I R,

Blessingbourne Abbey.

**W**E got, without mischance, to the Abbey. I beg to know whether you have considered the subject we discoursed upon. Sir ANDREW is no mean match, Mr. DE GREY. He will, one day, be Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE, for which change of his name, I have a peremptory command in my Will. If you send me word *you* are satisfied as to the matter, I will transnit directions for him to think more *particularly* of the young Lady, whose good qualities my Lady and I have determined within ourselves to be equivalent to want of title, and that is certainly saying a great deal. Sir ANDREW is worthy, though he is too great a laughier, and he will make a good husband. Your offer of forty thousand pounds with Miss DE GREY is liberal: half that with a coronet would be sufficient. However, if there are honours on one side, it reflects dignity on both. If she marries Sir ANDREW she stands a chance of being a Countess; to which  
brilliant

108 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

brilliant probability I will add the fellow sum to your's down, two thousand pounds worth of diamonds; a thousand pounds for a wedding dinner, and the handsomest set of cream-colours, with silver trappings, and the BLESSINGBOURNE crest engraven thereon. I have the honour to enclose for you the salutations of the Countess, and to be, Sir,

Your most obedient very humble Servant,  
BLESSINGBOURNE.

L E T T E R L.

Captain CARLISLE to R. DE GREY, Esq.

My fatherly Guardian,

**T**O shew my esteem for your *mode* of conveying your last sentiments, I *adopt* it. To imitate, is to admire. Many parts of your favour went quite home to the seat of the tenderest sensations; particularly where you discover to me, in a style peculiar to your pen, that regard, which has ever been the most distinguished honour and blessing of my life.

ALL your questions have a claim upon my answer, and upon my sincerity. You address me on a delicate subject. I see, plainly, how much my happiness, in every state of my life, is at your heart. Of the conjugal connexion, I think with veneration and sensibility; but I am  
exceed-

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 109

exceedingly *young*, and shall, in all probability, gain a little more domestic knowledge, and of that prudence which belongs to *family*, before I change my condition. Whenever there is the smallest prospect of this happening, it cannot be long a secret out of Mr. DE GREY's bosom.

I am ever his own,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

P. S. I had almost forgotten to mention the money-affair. It is not possible for the peer to want a friend or an instructor while Mr. DE GREY is at Prudence Place; and if the charge of my fortune is not absolutely troublesome to him, there is no bank wherein it can lie with so much satisfaction to me.

## L E T T E R L I.

Mr. LASCELLES to Captain CARLISLE.

**H**OW pitiable it is, my dear CARLISLE, that you should be so circumstanced as to find it utterly impossible to return the extatic fondness of this bewitching woman! She is absolutely an angel. Some new dresses have lately been put on, and she set them off with such an elegance, such a taste, such a *naïveté*, it is impossible to look at her without an ejaculation of pleasure and admiration. Allowing all your arguments their full force, I must still confess, there is a something cold and icy about *your* heart, that cannot be melted by such  
a blaze

## 110 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

a blaze of beauty—especially as the lady is so perfectly *willing*, and not at all unreasonably *nice*. She loves your person well enough to take it on *your own terms*: she does not pretend to capitulate: the citadel is your own, and you may do what *you will* with it. Oh—said she, the other day while (the tears were streaming from her lovely eyes)—Oh, that I could see him but *one* moment in *every* day, I would be content with annihilation for the rest of the twenty-four hours. By Heavens, CARLISLE, if any woman half so beautiful had avowed such a sentiment in *my* favour, I would have shewn my gratitude for it at the price of my existence—but you, on the contrary though as virtuous as a saint, are as frigid as a Freezeland. I question whether you ever approached the lips of this lovely one since they first declared a passion for you. It requires, I confess, all the elaborate excuses you have made, to wipe off the imputation of an insensible; and even after all your pains, I freely tell you, that I think you are too scrupulous upon this occasion. I speak frankly, out of pity to the Marchioness, and for *your pleasure*. Admitting your passion for Miss DE GREY to be ever so great, what, I wonder, has *that* to do with a snug convenient beauty, by way of, *my friend in a corner*, at another quarter of the world? Your notions are absolutely antediluvian. I do not know another man in the world, who would not *leap* at your situation. In the name of pleasure then, make the best of it! I thought at first as you do, but I  
speak



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 111

Speak now upon mature deliberation. There is no doubt but the Marchioness would change her name, live quietly in the place you provide for her, be happy as if in Heaven to get a sight of you once a fortnight, and there would be an end of the thing. Do then, let me advise you, put a period to these complaints; open the cage of the beautiful prisoner, and set the pretty little heart, that is now beating as it were at the wires till it pants again, perfectly at ease. It is with great difficulty I keep her from writing to you every day. The idea of the Marquis sets her already raving; but I cannot by any means draw from her, nor can my sister, any account of her family, supposed to be in town. She says, they would force her again to the arms of the detested Marquis. But I have proposed a proper salvo for all those foes, and, if you have the least lively spark of the young man, or of merry human nature in you, you will not neglect it. Compliments to our friend Sir ANDREW. Adieu,

G. LASCELLES.

## LETTER LII.

Capt. CARLISLE to G. LASCELLES, Esq;.

**Y**OUR letter has not been an hour in my hand, and, although my heart was full of *other* matter, I have now neither ear nor pen for any thing but an answer to it. Do you know, in the first

first place, that I looked at your seal, and at your superscription, and at the very *cut of your letters*, before I would credit the thing to be your's? In this age of *forgery*, I was in good hope, somebody had made free with my friend. But as it appears that the letter did absolutely proceed from *you*, I must proceed to an explicit reply.

MAKE a prostitute of the poor girl, Mr. LASCELLES? Seek out a convenient apartment, and compel the charming eyes, which you say *now* weep with love, grow wild with the sparklings of rage and despair? What, Sir, would you wish me to seclude her from all valuable society, and to sink her from a Marchioness of the first figure and fashion, to a mere mistress—from a young, elegant woman, to a scorned, abandoned daughter of the brothel! Is this the method in which you would have me return my compliment, for a long, a weary, an hapless, and an unfortunate journey of a thousand miles? However misplaced the affection she is pleased to bestow upon me, and however impossible it is for me to reward it, I am still bound to her even for her very misfortune. It is my *fate*, and not *me*, that declines what, in some cases, might have been my greatest blessing. Surely, Mr. LASCELLES, I owe her gratitude of a very different complexion from that blushless one, you recommend. My heart bleeds for her. From *me* she should claim an attentive anxiety how to *recompense* the throbbings in her bosom; the most industrious

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 113

dustrious care to reconcile her again to her husband, to contrive means of healing up any breach, which my unfortunate acquaintance with that gentleman may have occasioned. These are the services she should expect from me, and to offer these is at once my study, and my effort. But I will not believe you serious; or, if you are, your compassion has hurried you into a precipitancy, that only wants shewing you, to be repented of.

THIS, my dear LASCELLES, is assuredly the case. Besides which, depend upon it, you have *mistaken* the Marchioness. She could not stoop to the ignominious terms you have proposed to me for her. If she *really* loves, there must be some degree of refinement in the partiality; and believe me, LASCELLES, many a woman has felt a secret predilection in favour of a man, who would start with horror from an act of *predetermined* perfidy. If it were not for the appearance of an implied compliment to *myself*, I should not at all scruple to say, I believe, any partiality, AUGUSTA may have, unluckily, conceived in my favour, proceeds, wholly, from some imaginary *virtues* which she is pleased to think I possess. I dare swear she is taken by certain qualities in your friend, which (as *she* has enriched and magnified them) appear to *her* deserving esteem. Upon *this* principle, you have, indeed, proposed an *effectual* plan for making her *detest* me. To discolour the image she has flatteringly dressed up,

## 114 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

up, by placing in its stead a seducer and ingrate, might perhaps prove a successful remedy: but this, my dear LASCELLES, would be purchasing aversion more fatally than any thing that can reasonably arise out of the partiality itself. No, no, my friend.

ENOUGH however has been urged: you are convinced, and, therefore, you are as dear as you ever were, to

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

P. S. Sir ANDREW returns your devoir. He is as merry as ridicule can make him; his present objects, now his uncle is gone, are two foolish bumpkin brothers, and a handsome simpleton of a wife to one of them.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

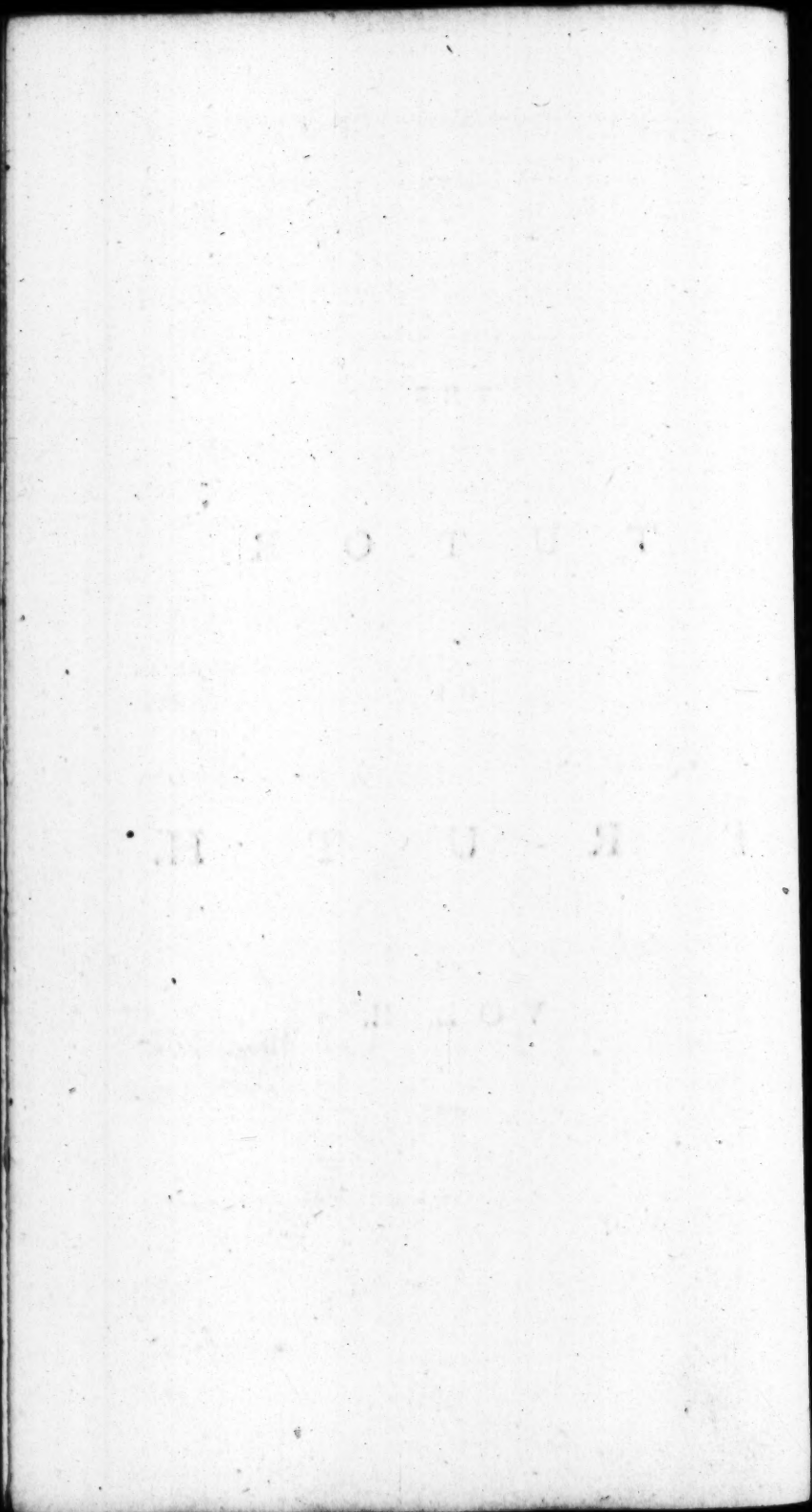
T U T O R

OF

T R U T H,

VOL. II.





THE  
T U T O R  
O F  
T R U T H.

---

VOL. II.

---



---

DUBLIN:  
PRINTED FOR C. JACKSON, ANGLESEA-STREET.  
MDCCCLXXXI.

T

C

Y

C

H

an

sh

sh

th

up

th

st

ce

al

fo

C

re

no

m

THE  
TUTOR OF TRUTH.



L E T T E R LIII.

G. LASCELLES, Esq. to Capt. CARLISLE.

**Y**OU are absolutely too effeminately scrupulous, CARLISLE—what I proposed was well meant. However, as your virtue is of a most obstinate, anchoretical nature, which neither love nor friendship can make a voluptuous impression upon, I shall quit the subject; but not without saying, that you are a very singular man; and I question, upon the whole, whether the sex like you a bit the better for those scruples which stand so constantly betwixt you and a delicious offer.

As to Miss DE GREY, it is as impossible she can love such a flash in the pan, such a match always lighted, as MEDWAY, as it is impossible for her to live in the same house with CLEMENT CARLISLE, and not be (however secretly) in raptures with him—that is to say—if his *ice* does not lie in the way. Seriously, CLEMENT, you make difficulties where I should go as smoothly

## 2 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

as upon a carpet. The Marchioness remains quiet,  
and I am your entire friend,

GEORGE LASCELLES.

### L E T T E R L I V.

From the Same to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

Dear ANDREW,

**T**HE stratagem takes : I have written the letter we projected, and it answers our expectation. He could not bear the idea—he was hurt—he could not believe his eyes—he would not do her such a violence for the world—But you knew his virtue. I judge it is owing in a great degree to my caution in directing to you in a *counterfeit* hand, that has kept our correspondence so long as private as we wished it; for, had I written in my usual character, a single letter would have betrayed me to CARLISLE, with whom I have lived on terms of absolute intimacy for ten years, without his ever suspecting me to be a *jolly* fellow. So easy is it for men of spirit to impose upon these mighty good kind of men. Never, surely, was any thing half so a-propos, as his putting the Marchioness under my care—or rather my sister's, who really thinks me as great a saint as CARLISLE himself. But to come to the point, it may certainly be contrived for you to take unto your bosom this Italian treasure—CARLISLE refuses her, that's one plea—you are a fine fellow,



low, that's another—you have money, that's greater than even the former: her passions are awake, that's number 4 in your favour: she is married, and therefore above the folly of solicitation—number 5—her constitution glows like the torrid zone—number 6—She abhors the Marquis—count *nine* for that. In short, she will, she must, she *shall* be your's—As to the arrival of the Marquis, do not apprehend any danger from that quarter: I have counteracted the contents of the letter from CARLISLE, you may depend on it. It is, by your LASCELLES, so ordered, that, if he goes at all in search of his *Perdita*, he will not direct his course to England but to a very different quarter of the globe. I will prepare every other grand essential, even till your bed is dressed with roses. In the mean time keep HEATHCOATE ignorant of the business, and continue to use, or rather to amuse *him*, with the *ridiculous* that results from your play upon the HODGSONS, DREWSONS, HEWSONS—what the plague is their vulgar name? He is a worthy fellow, but not fit for *such* a plot as the present—therefore till the deed be done, keep him out of it.

As to the Lady's beauty, depend on your old caterer for that. I have a hawk's eye at a pretty wench. To say the truth, the Marchioness is more to your taste than any I have had the honour and friendship to recommend. Her eyes have just that fluid floating in them, and are ex-

#### 4 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

ably of that brilliant black you like : her nose is turned to the perfection of *your* beauty—a little on the aquiline, and set off by a pair of brows so markedly expressive of pleasure, that you may depend upon them. Then her lips is first of that superior order, without corpulence, and so full of majesty, without haughtiness, that most attaches you. Her bosom is finely filled, and rises, as the poet emphatically terms it, “suing to be pressed.” Her arms, hands, fingers, are, likewise, all suited to you. But enough. She is to be the subject of a much closer criticism than it is even possible for me to give.

ONCE more, however, let me charge you, by an old and serviceable friendship, never to breathe the name of LASCELLES in any way not consistent with every thing sacred. You know my loss of a damned fortune at one stroke of the die, first reduced me to this. As it was impossible to hold *still the elbow*, something was necessary to repair my mischance, and, literally speaking, keep me *in play* : besides which, I was to live as I had ever been used to ; I was to be the same character. Two paths presented themselves, the one led to the gallows by the way of purse-gathering, the other to the accommodation of a friend, by the way of *woman*. I saw you, loved you, valued your *health*, and chose the latter path. You know how I have succeeded : let the ample catalogue of your passions, gratified in every form, convince you of it. You *only* I served :

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 3

served: you only know me to be not absolutely—a CARLISLE. I once more repeat to you the necessity of burning every letter, and every slip of paper you get from me, the moment it comes to hand: if a syllable at any time transpires, I am destroyed for ever: the consequence of which irreparable injury is, that I must cut your throat. But keep our counsel and you shall be the very Jupiter of a seraglio.

I *shook* hard last night; my hand trembles this morning at the disappointment. Pray send fifty pieces to take off, by way of bracer.

Adieu.

LASCELLES.

## L E T T E R LV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to G. LASCELLES, Esq.

GEORGY,

**T**HOUGH BLESSINGBOURNE has not yet honoured my last draughts, and I have but just an hundred pieces about me, I, nevertheless, divide chearfully with you—My purse is your's—How canst talk so childishly about disclosure of secrets? Could you not have me cut into piecemeal by fathers, brothers, aunts, mothers, and cousins, if I were ridiculous enough to blab? I adore woman to *please* me, and men to *laugh* at. You very liberally supply me with the one kind

## 6 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

of gratification, HEATHCOATE with the other. Neither jars with the other's province, and I have money enough to support you both. As to character, I like it as well as you, and except laughing at men, and lying with women, I solemnly declare I would not do a wrong thing for the world. But every man to his passions—those are mine. You rejoice my heart with repeating to me in every letter the personal charms of CARLISLE's fair follower. 'Tis a confounded thing though, to consider she is so taken with CARLISLE; and yet to do him justice, he is an elegant, glorious fellow. Every day marks the goodness of his heart, and you would be an ingrateful dog to say a syllable against him. If you can *prevent all risque* (for though you fight for me, I hate quarrels) I will be satisfied with your success by the middle of next month. In the mean time I have a game of my own to play. Just such a one as I can manage without assistance. Not a snap of the finger of peril attending the whole enterprize. But, HEATHCOATE is my correspondent in this adventure; it is not of *importance* enough for the ambitious GEORGE LASCELLES, whom even a Marchioness cannot deter from his attempts: the object of my present humble aspiring is only the wife of the most grazier-looking HAL. HEWSON. But mum, not a word more on a subject that does not belong to you. HEATHCOATE is the man for trifles and laugh. MEDWAY is, as usual, the most sullen rascal in Europe; he was going to  
run

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 7

run me through the body the other day for tossing down a tumbler of fair water, which (though I swear it was an accident) he insisted was done with an ill-natured design to spot his waistcoat —CARLISLE, who is ever a peace-maker, interfered, or else I should most likely have written to you from Elysium. Your's,

A. F.

## LETTER LVI.

The Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE to Mr.  
DE GREY.

YOU did not remember either me or my overtures respecting my nephew, Sir ANDREW, by the post. Certainly you are *ill*, and therefore I send to make friendly inquiries after your health. As to any *other* cause of your delay, it is impossible to be conceived; for how should so well-informed a gentleman as Mr. DE GREY forget, what is due to a very splendid offer, from one of the *oldest peers in the realm*? The Countess renews her compliments. I am in hourly expectation of a dukedom: your address, however, at present, is, as usual, to the Right Hon. the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE.

I am, Sir, your's,

BLESSINGBOURNE.

LET-



## 8 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

### L E T T E R LVII.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

**T**HOUGH your last relished more, my dear LASCELLES, of the *inconsiderate* than I hope belongs to your character, yet it set my heart at rest upon the subject of the Marchioness.

ANOTHER strange circumstance has happened in this family. Two days after I had returned such a reply to Mr. DE GREY's letter as appeared to me proper and consistent, he put into my hands a letter from BLESSINGBOURNE, who had made formal overtures of marriage betwixt Miss DE GREY and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. Nothing ever excited more real astonishment, for I had never once dreamt of a treaty coming from that quarter, knowing, so perfectly as I do, LUCIA's *opinion* of Sir ANDREW. The epistle was penned with all the title-swelled vanity connected with the BLESSINGBOURNE character; and coronets, crests, and supporters, lions rampant, spread eagles, and fields azure, danced through every line. Having commented upon the style, with a good humour, which is above turning the result of a man's infirmity into a cause of affront, Mr. DE GREY asked me my opinion of the match—

PRAY

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 9

PRAY Heaven, I may never undergo so severe a trial as I sustained in the process of the following short but most agonizing conversation, of which you will have the more perfect idea from dialogue. It past in Mr. DE GREY's library.

MR. DE GREY.—I have ever made you, my dear Mr. CARLISLE, my confident upon various occasions: we have never canvassed together a *love affair*. Though you tell me *you* are to have a little more knowledge of society, before you venture upon a wife; yet I know you to have a very competent judgment of these things, because you have ever been an accurate observer. This letter before us, opens to you a secret of the utmost consequence to your friends. Peace. What do you think of it?

CARLISLE.—Sir—you must certainly—be—be the best judge of these matters—'Tis too nice a point—

MR. DE GREY.—Riches you know are out of the question. Titles do not glow in my eyes, as they do in those of his Lordship—

CARLISLE.—Oh—Mr. DE GREY—what—what are titles, to—to—

DE GREY.—To what, my CLEMENT?

CARLISLE.

10 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

CARLISLE.—I beg pardon, Sir.—Perhaps a *Countess* may not displease even the amiable Miss DE GREY.

DE GREY.—What, you would advise her then to the match ; would you, my friend ?

CARLISLE.—Who, I advise—Gracious God forbid that I—that is—I should be sorry any thing might, from my advice, turn out so—so—as—

DE GREY.—Nobody, to be sure, can answer for events : but what do *you think* of SIR ANDREW, my dear CARLISLE ?

CARLISLE.—What does Miss DE GREY think of him, Sir ?

DE GREY.—That's what I meant rather to ask you. As an old friend, I did not know but she might have let you into the secret—

CARLISLE.—*What* secret, Sir— ?

DE GREY.—Perhaps, you think more highly of—*Mr. Medway*. [I was ready to sink into the earth, LASCELLES, at this question.]

CARLISLE.—Of Mr. MEDWAY, Sir !—To be sure MEDWAY—Mr. MEDWAY, certainly, Sir—if he meets the lady's approbation.

DE

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 11

DE GREY.—At any rate I will decline his Lordship's offer. I am persuaded, LUCIA has no sort of affection for Sir ANDREW. He is too light, too volatile.—Now, *that* objection does not, I think, lie against MEDWAY. He is a strange *headed*, but I believe he is a good *hearted* creature. Do you think *this* person a better match?

CARLISLE.—He has made offers then, Sir, has he?

—DE GREY.—Admitting he had, is he a man you would have me fix on?—

CARLISLE.—If to Miss DE GREY he were agreeable, Sir,—to be sure—you—you—you could not do better—

DE GREY.—Tell me frankly, my dearest Captain, do you know any body whom you think she likes *better* in the tender way we speak of?—

CARLISLE.—Sir—likes better—likes better than Mr. MEDWAY?

DE GREY.—Aye, my friend—I could wish her happiness to depend, in some measure, upon your choice. Perhaps neither Sir ANDREW, nor MEDWAY, are the men you would fix on—Be candid—do you know—are you acquaint-

12 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

ed with any person who you think loves her more tenderly?—

CARLISLE.—More tenderly!—oh yes, my dear Mr. DE GREY, ten thousand times—more tenderly—oh God of heaven!—

DE GREY.—You charm me with the tidings.—Pray name him to me—Is he young? Is he amiable—Is he steady—has he any of the virtues that distinguish the—of—of—

HERE, LASCELLES, the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of MEDWAY himself, who came bursting into the library for his fishing-pole.

NEVER was a man relieved more critically. We were talking of you, Mr. MEDWAY, said Mr. DE GREY,—hush—hush—cried MEDWAY, emphatically extending his finger—'Tis plain, Mr. DE GREY has fixed *his* heart, as well as LUCIA *her's*, on this man. Yet what a strange conversation! For heaven's sake help me, if possible, to a clue. Yet MEDWAY—depend on it, MEDWAY is the man, to the terror of

Your  
CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LET-



LETTER LVIII.

Mr. DE GREY to the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE.

MY LORD,

THE importance of the consideration to both the young parties concerned, and the regard that is due to the natural inclinations, as to the acquired affections, are the apologies I have to offer for *appearing* to neglect a suitable return of acknowledgment for the honour of your Lordship's letter, and for the ample proposals it contained.

*Prior* to the receipt of your Lordship's favour, I made some attempt to obtain the secret of my child's heart, and *since*, I have made a like attempt upon the heart of *another* person. Not, my Lord, that it is possible for me to prefer any gentleman to the nephew of the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE, but because I suspected an affection subsisting elsewhere: I think, my Lord, I have discovered a passion in my daughter, and a *return* of it in a certain young friend of mine, that may, possibly, grow in a little time, into a circumstance of essential consequence.

WITHIN a few days I shall be more assured  
of

#### 14 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

of this, and if my child proves to have a heart not pre-engaged, there can be no doubt of her soon becoming sensible of the great honour of an alliance with so near a branch of the BLESSINGBOURNE family. On the contrary, if it should turn out that her affections are already possessed, it will appear obvious to your Lordship, that, as, in such a case, she cannot reward the tenderness of Sir ANDREW, she can have no just title to the many dignities, and the immense fortunes which would follow such a union.

WHAT I would invite then from your Lordship, is, a short *suspension*, that the matter may lie open. I again repeat, that a few days will naturally determine every thing. In the mean time, Sir ANDREW had better, I conceive, remain unacquainted with our treaty, lest it should any way terminate to his dissatisfaction. On my part, I will hasten the necessary discovery as much as in my power, although your Lordship will easily imagine, a father's power, in a point of so much importance, is not very extensive, when the father is convinced of his child's integrity and discretion.

I SHALL be happy, my Lord, to hear, that the mode, I have submitted to your Lordship, is crowned with your approbation.

I *distinguish* myself when I present my most  
humble

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 15

humble compliments to the Countess, and I have the honour to be, My Lord your Lordship's

Most devoted and obedient servant,

ROBERT DE GREY.

L E T T E R LIX.

The Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE to R. DE GREY, Esq.

S I R,

THE Countess and I had no conception of such a reply to our very distinguishing overtures, in favour of a young person utterly *untitled*; we receive a very ill return from you, Mr. DE GREY. Our visit to Prudence Place was, principally, (out of an old friendship, and because we thought your daughter a very decent, prudent person) to *promote a match* between her and our nephew. We offered the most peculiar splendours, we offered lineal honours—but we are desired to wait the issue of *another treaty*. And pray, Sir, may we ask, which or who it is amongst your friends that ought to have the first offer in preference to the nephew and heir of the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE? I shall not mention the clear annual rent-roll of near fifty thousand guineas a year, that will devolve to him, nor will I rest my consequence upon the superbest equipage; nor on the most magnificent seats in Europe; I confine myself to that illustrious line, into which the  
arms

## 16 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

arms of your young Lady would be, if I may so say,—*enacted*. Every body can tell, Mr. DE GREY, I am not a boaster; but, indeed, your tardy conduct borders somewhat upon incivility and disrespect. The Countess thinks so too. Nevertheless, we still think your LUCIA would adorn a coronet; she is her favourite. A little intercourse with my Lady, after marriage, would make her—would—properly speaking—*prepare* her for her new honours. Once more therefore we offer our services to you again, and upon the full assurance of your immediate consent, the Countess and I are proceeding to measures that may bring the point to a crisis. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
BLESSINGBOURNE.

## L E T T E R LX.

From the Same to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT, at  
R. DE GREY's, Esq.

Dear ANDREW,

**W**E have reasons to desire you will look upon *Lucia De Grey*, as upon a Lady that is first to be the Lady FLIGHT, and afterwards Countess of BLESSINGBOURNE, if not of a rank still higher. She will be informed of this circumstance at the same time you are; and as soon as certain preliminaries between Mr. DE GREY and I are adjusted, the ceremony shall be completed. To  
be

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 17

be sure the honours are every one in *our* hands, but never mind that: she is a beautiful woman: and with regard to honours, as she cannot be divided, we are contented to *bestow* them in consideration of her merit and person.

I SHALL *give* you very liberally, and I send you now a bill for present use, though, by-the-by, it astonishes both me and the Countess, how you can continue to squander such sums in a country village during the time of a visit. Adieu.

BLESSINGBOURNE.

## L E T T E R LXI.

The Countess of BLESSINGBOURNE to Miss  
DE GREY.

Miss DE GREY,

I HAVE prevailed on the Earl to suffer ANDREW, our nephew, to offer you his hand. The acceptance of it is a point so much out of the question, that it would be ridiculous to mention it. To do you justice, you are the only young woman I know, of *no descent*, who could sit at my right-hand, upon a visit to certain people, without disgracing me. Nay more, I believe your being *about me* a little when you are Lady LUCIA FLIGHT (for I dare say you will wait patiently for my coronet a few years) will totally finish you both for a carriage and a drawing-room. This



## 18 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

is saying very much, Lady LUCIA—'Pshaw, I am so used to write only to people of condition, that I declare I can scarce reconcile my pen to a Miss, or a Madam—This, Miss DE GREY, is, I say, allowing great matters for you. I know but four people upon earth—and one of them is a crowned head—who can either sit in a sedan, carry themselves in a coach, or fill a chair.

ON the day of marriage, which shall not be distant, if Mr. DE GREY behaves prudently, I shall decorate you with my own hand. Mean while you will, doubtless, become sensible of the accomplishments of your future husband.

Adieu.

C. of B.

## L E T T E R LXII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**H**ERE is a fine piece of work cut out, HEATHCOATE. Aunt and uncle have resolved to marry me to LUCIA DE GREY. The old foolish Lord hath sent me a letter which set me laughing for a whole hour. He bids me look upon the damsel as upon the happy she who is to be the *cara sposa* of Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. He bids me prepare for marriage—marriage, HEATHCOATE? If I ever marry—why then—But, by the sacred souls of all the Lords,

Lords, Barons, Earls, Dukes, Dutcheffes, Popes, Cardinals, Kings, and Grand Monarques, that went before me, I will turn this event to some pleasant advantage. I say pleasant, because to think upon it *seriously*, is quite and clean out of the question. LUCIA DE GREY is too modest, yet too awful, and too much—a thousand times too much, hovered over by a set of cut-throat fellows, who would slice me and eat me, were I to pretend to the serious fact. And between ourselves, I believe both CARLISLE and MEDWAY are in her train. To say the truth, she is a woman I can never laugh either *with* or *at*: for as to the former, I never could make her smile at the expence of another in my whole life; no, not even the HEWSONS, who might set the muscles of the very devil upon the simper: and as to the latter, she does every thing so unaffectedly, that ridicule is obliged to give up the subject in despair. Then she has a cursed method of *looking* so as to command deference; and therefore, beautiful as she is, I hate to be in her company—nevertheless, HEATHCOATE, if I do not draw from this precious epistle of my uncle some divine *fun*—but enough—time will shew.

I AM now likely to be in the very meridian of my species of enjoyment—after much fatigue of *laughing*, I have brought the HEWSONS to the true perfection of absurdity—a very little time will shew you that the ludicrous can go no farther than I have made it go in them—Such  
joy

## 20 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

—such frolic—such—but it would be absolutely iniquitous to forestall the business—no, let it take you by surprise—let it come on you un-awares—let it seize you unprepared, and deluge your cheeks in tears of extacy.

Farewell.

A. F—.

## L E T T E R LXIII.

Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to Miss DE GREY.

Charming Madam,

**I**T is impossible to have been so long burning under the torrid rays of your transporting beams of beauty, without becoming sensible to their piercing—heart-piercing fervour. As well might the tender bud lie on the shore of India, without being parched by the favours of Apollo—a titled gentleman now at my elbow, but whose name I am not yet entitled to disclose, is, as it were, my guardian genius, and tells me, that you, charming Madam, have within these few days been pleased, out of the benignity of your gracious self, to speak of my parts and person with some *condescending complacency*. This emboldens me, charming Madam, to say, that I think you are the most incomparable piece of *celestial workmanship in the way of woman*, that ever glowed under the astonished eyes of a small spectator—the natural consequence of all this, Madam, is, that I am  
the

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 21

the humblest of your idolaters. I find, charming Madam, met in you, all the graces which Horace, Pliny, Homer, Virgil, and all other writers, ancient or modern, give to their several favourites. Your lips are sweeter than those attributed to Briseis—your hair has more of the *nitidus* in it, than belonged to *that* which was the distinguishing property of the divine Lyce's, and your *air* is considerably more ennobled than that of the majestic Dido, Queen of Carthage, celebrated in the *Æneid* written by Virgil.

I SHOULD never, charming Madam, have presumed to address such ambitious sentiments to your exalted elegance, were I not told that you prefer scientific superiority to personal perfection. Some persons have been pleased to flatter me with possessing pretty fully the laurels of the *first* excellence; and as to the *last*, though nature hath not endowed me altogether with the graces of a CARLISLE, yet I find in my glass an alteration somewhat for the better every day, and hope in the end to *siege* without any kind of embarrassment.

I take love-secrets to be amongst the *sanctum sanctorum* of *arduous rebus*, and therefore I beg *this* may be confined to the sacred shrine of your most beautiful bosom. I am, charming Madam, your obsequious slave, (in rosy fetters)

GABRIEL HEWSON.

P. S. *Omnia vincit amor.*

L E T.

## L E T T E R LXIV.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. HEATH-  
COATE, Esq.

Esquire,

**I** HAVE not *catched* up goose feather for some time. Case why? because I was amind to gee time for the perfection of the thing—I am got a woundly way since my last, and fancy a couple o'weeks more will finish me, that is, if Sir ANDREW sticks close by me, and I continues to *practice* the thing—Case why? *practice* makes perfect. To shew you that I ha' not been silent for nothing, I must let you know that I ha'n't chang'd ten words with HETT. this week. Case why? what's so far from the goe of the genteel gig, as to take notice of one's household spouse before company? 'specially when a body is learning a *touch of the times*. To say truth, her lips looked develish ruddy t'other day, and I lent um a smack that echoed like waggon whip—for I could not help it, seeing that she's one of your dainty ones—but Sir ANDREW soon took me aside, and ga' me a bit of a lesson, and made me heartily ashamed *on't*. I must let you know too, that I manage my little bit of a *black sack* bob-bishly, *thof* ribbons and flourrididdles at sides tickle nape o' one's neck consumedly. Neither do I look so damned ugly as might be suspected, regard to frenchfied foretop, and hair-bundles  
suck



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 23

stuck out side of one's head. Fat of one's feace helps to take of hugeness of thing, which is but natural, seeing that *one* swells ou *t'other*; and this makes feace and hair go, as a man may say, cheek-by-jowl without quarreling. It's pity, I'm given to *sweattin* so much, as I find it don't do at all for a better-most person. I ha' got half dozen fine white handkerchiefs, but they're so cussed *cambrickey* that they are nothing in such a *grepe* as mine, and I melt so this smoaking weather, that I make 'em every mothers son quite of a stew. Truth is, I begin to see, *plite-ness* has, like every thing else, 'vantages and not 'vantages. When I was an ignoramus, I used to sit in hall, or ride to hayfield with nightcap on head, or coloured handkerchief under hat for 'vantage of dripping in summertide; but no such matter *now*; there's nothing so ill-bred as to be caught *sweattin*; nay, more than that, 'tis quite out of the goe of the thing to *mention* the very word—'tis *sweattin* with fellers of yesterday, but, I find, 'tis *presfiration* with folks that are obliged to be *desunt*. Sir ANDREW has been at me some time (seeing I can't keep this *presfiration* to myself) to bleed and bolus for six weeks or so, that I may vacuate some of my *moister*, and dry up my porusses abit. What do you think of this, Esquire? I hate purgers as I hate *Lucifer*—*Satancoetus*, as Gab calls him, but I would even *petecarryarize* myself for sake of good breeding. To tell you the truth, there is a sort of a pleasant comical *nothing-at-all*, in the life of your  
better-

## 24 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

better-most genii, that I like mortationly well indeed. I warrant you, we went it round the great garden last night by moon-shine for two hours—none but your tip-top specie, giggling and going it all the time—clack—clack—clack—yes—yes—yes—no—no—no—ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—ti-tum, ti-tum—ti-ti-dum—Pardon me, Madam—pardon me, Miss—*Skuse* me, Sir—out with the foot—off with the hat—down with the breech—oh Esquire—Esquire HEATHCOATE, 'tis just the thing to a T. Last night, a little afore we went awalkin, I finished *giving the hand*, as they call it—that is to say, getting a pretty lady over a gutter, for instance—or handin her over a puddle, or any thing the same way—allowing for th' alteration. I was once, before I had my fortune, low enough to say on such *caffion*, Come Bet, Het, Pol, Mol, Fan, Kit, or what not—allowing for the alteration—Come, gee us your fist, or tip us your daddle—or lends hold o' your forefoot, else may hap you may draggle the tail o' you in the water. Odds merciful miserecordibus! as Gab says, no such thing now by a million. *Contrary* so much, that one of the best things a better-most body *can* do, is to manage this matter as't should be. Sir ANDREW himself, for sample, is the greatest dabster in the world at it. For instance, *there's* he, *there's* a woman, and *there's* a crossing, or a slippihin of waterwash; mayhap, we'll say, covered o'er with stepping stones—*Now* mark, Esquire. Now comes your jemmy work—Well—get

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 25

—get over they must—Indulge me, Miss, or Madam, or my Lady, 'says he, allowing for th' alteration, with the favor of your fair hand—Sir, you are very *plite*. Well—what's next? Whew—she's a t'other side. But how the miserecordibus did she get there I wonder, says you? Ah! there lies the point. Now I'll tell you. First, Miss, &c. allowing for the alteration, tucks up piece of petticoat, sets her pretty foot on stepping stone, shews dainty turn'd angle, and is obliged, for the sake of bettermost breeding, to look a little as if she was scar'd. Oh, Lord—says she—Fear not, dear creature, divine angel, noble Madam, magnanimous Miss, &c. allowing for the alteration—fear nothing: then, Esquire, he *takes* her hand, and *takes* her waist, and gis her a *querrick*, and they *take* a little bit of a thing 'twixt a hop and a jump, and he kisses her glove, and bends hinder-part, and bows head, and gets grin into's feace, and gis a bit of he, he, he, and shews his white, powder-purg'd grinders, and—and—'tis all over as neat as the Lady's leg: I ha' been a long while on this head, case 'tis almost half way clean up to the top genii, and Sir ANDREW 'clares 'pon his honour, no gentleman can do long without it—I ha' practised hugely, and I find I am up to every part of the puddle-pliteness, 'cept *pusing* out hinder-part, and getting the grin. In aiming at the first matter, I ha' overset one of Master DE GREY's china jars; for the thing is natural. I a'n't made quite so plite as I should be 'bout the  
bottom

## 26 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

bottom of waist, or mayhop a little bit farder, so it's out of the question for me to wriggle't as little and limberly as such a fine genteel, greyhound-ham'd son of a gentleman as Sir ANDREW. The grin too is, as I just now said, a hard thing to hit off. I can't, for soul of me, find out any thing to make a man laugh at getting a woman over a cartret, and as to laughing where one don't see the joke, and where the thing is one almost nothing at all, I never could do it since I was born. Besides, why? I am so cuss'd covered about the gills, that if I could laugh as heartily as Sir ANDREW, 'twould not do, for my cheeks are too *solidum firmus*, if a man chose to be learned, that it's enough to crack one's cheek furniture. I begin to-day to learn to hold my tongue, or else talk about nothing, just as cassion sees fit. HETT gets on at a pure size. Sir ANDREW is giving her a lectur about airs, and high notions, fan-fluttering—hemming, and the like, now in the garden. Gab would do very well if his larning did not stand in his way. But we shall all be fit to be seen in a short time, before we go back; tho' as to coming near Captain CARLISLE, that's impossible: yet I am sure he never took any pains to be better-most, for every thing he does looks too easy for that—same thing with Miss LUCIA. Esquire, farewell,

Or Vally, as Gab says,

Your's,

H. HEWSON.

LET-





with their happy homely husbands, and assemble in the shade. My foolish heart leapt as they sat singing at their doors, or working at their windows—the very *hollo—how-do-you*, and *hail-fellow-well-met*, had all attractions for me—The smell of an hay-cart was pleasure, and the sight of an harvest-home absolute extacy. Note the alteration : I am wholly *inverted* in point of pleasure : if, on my return to Helter-Skelter-Hall (which is fitting up) I feel any satisfaction from the sight of people working at windows, or singing at doors, it will be upon account of the pride of comparing *their* groveling situation with *mine*; if I bear the noise of an haycart, it will be only from reflecting that my *carriage-horses* (for such I will have) shall fare the better for it.—If I can again reconcile to myself the presence of lads and wenches *dizened* out in their foolish finery, it will only be for the joy of my sweeping by them in magnificence, that shall make them shy off with amazement : and if an harvest-home can ever more become supportable, it will only be from the consideration that it comes but once a year, and is then over for a twelvemonth—What other arguments can I use to convince you of my readiness to adopt the modes and manners you speak of?—As to Mr. HEWSON—he is a very good creature, and, when you have done with him, I shall love him better than ever. I cannot come into your opinion about the *elopement* you speak of, be it ever so fashionable ; for I most assuredly *do* love Harry, and therefore it

is impossible. Your assertions of *tenderness* to me, I am to take, you know, as mere effects of sentiments which are to come *of course*, and as such, they are very gallant. I shall not, indeed, be in any degree angry with you for the continuance of such civilities in the way of promoting breeding. Nor will I scruple any thing so accomplished a gentleman proposes, except the elopement scheme, which, I again say, I can never consent to. Any thing else I obey—nay, I have convinced you of it. I do not speak to Harry *before company*; I walk and step as different as possible from what I did—I perceive the absolute necessity of only occasionally *hearing* and *seeing*: I find every now and then as violent a desire to faint, after a little decent walking, as Lady BLESSINGBOURNE herself.—I was almost expiring with the smell of violets last night *in my room*, though I used to doat on them. I can drink two glasses, and *exactly* another half, of wine and water—My dinners, of late, never digest, without a drop of ratafia. Those drops, and restoratives, which I before never heard of but in *books*, are now a part of my existence. I can bear no smells but such as are *artificial*. Every thing *natural* actually turns upon my stomach. I used to rise at six, I am now never up till near twelve.—I used to let my arms brave the sun-beams—I now sleep in gloves.—I used to defy the tan, I now never venture to stir without a shade.

H. 2

WHAT

30 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

WHAT would you wish more ?

My seven o'clock lesson in LUCIA's bower  
shall certainly not be forgotten. Mean time I  
have the great honour to be Sir ANDREW  
FLIGHT's most obedient,

and very humble servant,

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

L E T T E R LXVI.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

O MISS LASCELLES, what strange and unaccountable confusions are every hour happening in this house ? Here is now come down formal overtures from Lord BLESSINGBOURNE, for the ever-fickle Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. The Countess too has written to me, in a way, that ought to make me ill satisfied with her. My father has had a letter, and Sir ANDREW himself received encouragement in this business from — *his own vanity*. He sent into my chamber this morning the ridiculous inclosure. But I must break off my letter almost as soon as I have begun it. A summons is given which I never disobey. In haste, therefore,

Adieu,

LUCIA DE GREY.

[The

[The Inclosed.]

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT's Letter to Miss DE GREY.

WHAT, lovely LUCIA, is to be done in this business? the old folks you see are resolved. —What says *your* heart upon the subject? Please to consult *that*; and at your leisure, make acquainted with its determinations

Your  
ANDREW FLIGHT.

L E T T E R LXVII.

Mr. DE GREY to the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE.

MY LORD,

I CAN now take upon me to say, I should do some violence to my child's inclination, and perhaps wound the bosom of another person, equally dear to me, were I to carry on any longer the most distant idea of a tender connexion betwixt her and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. It is impossible that I should reply to more of your Lordship's last *peculiar* letter, or, indeed, that I should, with any propriety, lengthen this letter, beyond adding to it the name of

Your Lordship's obedient,  
and most humble servant,  
ROBERT DE GREY.

## L E T T E R LXVIII.

Capt. CARLISLE to G. LASCELLES, Esq;

**I**F I described to you, in my last, a scene that was painful, I have now one to relate that is dreadful. Mr. DE GREY again desired to-day a conference with me—Miss DE GREY was to partake of it—Ten minutes *before*, we had met, accidentally, in the garden, and, after a moment's pause of confusion, parted precipitately by different walks.—This *second* interview, therefore, came upon us before the anxiety occasioned by the first had worn off. Our disorder became exceedingly visible, and neither of us spoke for a minute, though during that minute it was the elaborate design of both to speak—Have you not received a *letter*? said Mr. DE GREY to LUCIA.

A LETTER, Sir! said she, trembling.

Yes, my dear, from——

FROM Miss LASCELLES, do you mean, Sir? Oh, yes, I had one this day——

No, LUCIA, I mean from the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE.

FROM Lord BLESSINGBOURNE, papa?

[HERE,



THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 33

[HERE, LASCELLES, / rose as if to withdraw.]

PRAY, Mr. CARLISLE, don't leave us: no business can happen at *this house*, without your being a welcome party.—Yes, my dear LUCIA, I mean from the Earl.

No, indeed, Sir.

NOR from the Countess?

YES, Sir—I—I must confess, I *am* honoured with one from the Countess.

MAY I see it?

IF I have it about me, Sir—but I am afraid—oh, no—here it is.

READ it to us, my dear girl; we know what the Countess can do—and I have, I believe, the fellow of it.

EXCUSE me, Sir, I have got a terrible cough. If you please, I will leave it with you and Captain CARLISLE.

PRAY, my best LUCIA, don't stir—Come, CLEMENT—here, take *my* letter too, and read *both* to us—

I, Sir?—

# 34 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

I, Sir?—

THEN, I will.

[HERE, LASCELLES, he read, first, the Earl's, and then that of the Countess ; upon which I had the rashness to exclaim—I am not very apt to give way to my indignation ; but, if I had here that *scoundrel* Lord, who, can suffer his wife to insult *such* a woman as Miss DE GREY, I'd twist his nose off!]

OH, my dear LASCELLES, what a scene ensued. LUCIA turned pale—fixed her eyes upon me, in a kind of gentle reproach, and, after making an effort to retire, she fell lifeless on the floor. God of Heaven ! what did I feel at that moment?—She continued to rise, only to faint again—I kneeled down—I caught her in my arms—My tears bathed her beautiful hand—I staggered under the weight of her, through enfeebling agony—Her dear lips quivered—I leaned down in my confusion, even till I felt *her* cheek upon *mine* I kissed the tears away—Her father was speechless—She revived a little, but again relapsed, and without alarming any other part of the house (which her delicacy desired might be the case) she was conducted by Mr. DE GREY into her apartment. He is still by her side—I went out in an agony, and I write this in the same situation. What can possibly be the meaning of all this?—Is *Sir Andrew* then at last the man?

—Was

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 35

—Was she so *violently* hurt at my menace against Lord BLESSINGBOURNE? Does her passion extend to the very *roots* of the family? What then becomes of *Medway*? Whatever be the truth—it is certain that LUCIA DE GREY is wretched, and therefore it is impossible the most poignant misery should be escaped by the unfortunate.

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

## LETTER LXIX.

Mr. LASCELLES, to Capt. CARLISLE.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform my dear friend that AUGUSTA is more reconciled to her situation than could be expected. She seems, at length, to become conscious of the propriety of taking our advice, admires you for the fortitude of your virtue; and even induces the idea of soon seeing the Marquis, whom, by-the-by, it is near time to hear from. I dispatch this news in a short note, merely because I am convinced it will communicate to you the pleasure it has already given

Your

G. LASCELLES.

## LETTER LXX.

Captain CARLISLE in answer.

YOUR favour, relating the happy change in the disposition of the Marchioness, is replied

H 5

to.

## 36 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

to immediately; and although it came to my hand, just after I had taken it from sealing a letter containing the most pathetic accounts, yet was I not wholly dead to the felicity of so agreeable a piece of fortune. Continue, I beg of you, to confirm, to establish, and to *complete* her in such charming resolutions—tell her, she has now found out the method of making me *truly* admire her: assure her, that by such conduct my adoration is effectually acquired. Inspire her with chearful ideas of society—honour—elegance—and all the transports in the train of *truth*—Omit no circumstance that may fix her in the ideas she now entertains.

I am your faithful

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

## L E T T E R LXXI.

MR. LASCELLES to SIR ANDREW FLIGHT.

**T**HERE is infinite difficulty in the business—The Marchioness begins to rave about her confinement, which, without the presence of CARLISLE, is, she says, insupportable. She raves—she stamps—she insists upon seeing him. Thirteen love-letters have I destroyed since yesterday morning, which she imagines I was fool enough to send to CARLISLE—One written since upon the same subject, I preserve just to send you by way of specimen—All the glorious  
fire

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 37

fire which she expresses there, shall, in due time, burn for you—I—GEORGE LASCELLES, the successful, have said it. My sister has written twice to Miss LUCIA of late—She always gives me her packets to put in the office—Not knowing but she might say something improper of the violent Marchioness, I threw the aforesaid packets, not into the office, but into the fire—My head and hands are full, but the lady is beyond every thing that was ever before seen on this side Heaven; and so I shall go through it with spirit for the sake of my beloved Baronet.

I HAVE been thinking that a few new *trinkets* might soften a hard place or two;—she came unaccommodated, you know. If you were to supply this matter, you might, perhaps, get her *vanity* in your favour—that is a wonderful point gained. When *afterwards* she came to know, that one of the richest, as well as neatest men in England, was the accommodator, (and upon so disinterested a principle too) why it is ten to one—the thing is, at least, worth an effort or two—whatever, therefore, you remit, shall be laid out to the most *promising advantage*. I am pretty well versed in the baubles that set a woman's eyes sparkling; and if you can once charm the eyes, depend upon it the *heart* is not in a very bad humour.

Adieu.

G. LASCELLES.

L E T.



L E T T E R LXXII.

The Duke of DOWNDERDALE to Sir  
A. FLIGHT.

Nephew,

**L**EAVE DE GREY's directly. You are not to attach yourself to his daughter. We are ill-treated. Come post to the Abbey immediately.

P. S. The dukedom, you see, is obtained.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**I** SHALL certainly add to all my *delicious laughs* the secret possession of Mrs. HEWSON—She meets me every evening in the wilderness for *instruction*—Humph—read the inclosed which I have just broke open—Conjecture the charming consequence—But let me see—the moment of meeting is not yet these four hours—what's to be done?—Oh spirit of pleasure, that leavest not a single second of vacancy, I thank thee. I have it, and my next shall explain the issue.

A. FLIGHT.

[The

[The inclosed.]

From Mrs. HEWSON.

**I**NDEED, Sir ANDREW, you are unreasonable—it will be carrying the *politesse* too far—A woman may certainly—However, I will meet you, without fail, on purpose to convince you that you are—exceedingly in the wrong.

Your's,  
HENRIETTA HEWSON.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to G. LASCELLES, Esq.

**I**HAVE only time just to wrap up a bill or two, which you will lay out to the best advantage, and level your artillery full at the heart of the divine Marchioness, for the future service of  
A. FLIGHT.

P. S. Your letters are all askew. Guess, by the size of my letter, how *busy* I am in *pleasure*.

L E T T E R LXXV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**F**IRE and faggot, HEATHCOATE, what a desperate conclusion had my cursed love of laugh  
like

#### 40 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

like to have brought me to ! You remember my promise of turning uncle's love-letter to advantage—yes, faith, I had like to have made a pretty advantageous piece of business of it truly !—Within an hair's breadth of being drowned, that's all ! Wanting some employment, as I told you, to amuse the time, betwixt four o'clock, and Mrs. H——'s appointment, I must needs swagger away into the garden, where I knew MEDWAY, the monster, had just withdrawn with his angle. He was standing with his eyes fixed intently upon the line, greedily devouring the dancing cork upon the stream, when I passed by on the opposite side, as not seeing him. The Earl's letter was in my hand—I appeared to be tickled to the soul. I affected to hold my sides with the pain of laughing. I mentioned the name of *Lady LUCIA* thrice with rapture. My hero threw down his fishing-rod, and coming round to me with inconceivable violence, and the most scarlet visage you ever beheld, even more a *flame* than a setting sun, he cries out—Puppy, jackanapes—what did you frighten away my fish for ? the largest carp that ever was seen nibbled that moment at my bait. Had it not been for you I should have hooked him. What *name*, likewise, was that I heard you mention ?—it sounded like LUCIA—What letter is that ?—give it me this moment.—There is a plot on foot.—Hush, my dear, give it me.

If my uncle insists upon it, OLLY, said I, how the devil can I help it ?

INSISTS.

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 41

INSISTS upon what? replies he.

UPON my being married, replied I.

MARRIED! to whom?

TO Miss LUCIA, that is—*Lady* LUCIA that shall be—Countess of BLESSINGBOURNE, that might have been—Dutcheſs of DOWNDERDALE, that may be!

*What* LUCIA? retorted the ſavage.

ARE there then more heavens than one heaven?—more LUCIA DE GREY's than one LUCIA DE GREY? ſaid I, with great intrepidity, taking ſnuff.

I WILL read every ſyllable of that letter before I ſuffer you to move—I'll not be ſported with, Sir ANDREW.

NAY, I am all upon honourable terms. There are no ſecrets—'Tis to be a public affair, OLLY. There is the letter for thy inſpection.

He took it haſtily.

WHILE he was ſwallowing the contents, up came Captain CARLISLE, but, ſeeing us engaged, with his uſual politeneſs was going to take another part of the garden. As if from ſome ſecret

#### 42 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

cret impulse, that *worst* was at hand, I beckoned him. He walked towards me.

So then you are a fellow who make pretensions to Miss DE GREY, are you?

I DID, by no means, like a certain ill-look about his eyes, and therefore replied mildly—As to that, my dear OLLY, you may easily see it was all my uncle's doing—My uncle, you see—

YOUR uncle be damned, replied he. Have you written to the Lady yourself?

WRITTEN to the Lady, my dear OLLY? written to the Lady?—why, as to a letter to the Lady—

LOOK ye, Sir ANDREW, as I know you don't run into danger, I shall not hurt you; but I must just inform you, casually, that for equivocating you are a most abominable coward; and as to the matter of daring but to *think* of Miss LUCIA—hush—hush—my dear, say no more upon that subject—I shall be satisfied with giving you to the fish, that's all—

AT the close of this speech, he caught hold of my arm, and would absolutely have twirled me soufe into the pond, had not CARLISLE ran briskly to my rescue, and saved me from the barbarian's fury. He even told CARLISLE that  
he



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 43

he *insulted the fishes* by saving me, and then walked away growling like a lion.—Poor CARLISLE seemed to be sadly out of spirits, and when he had rescued me, bowed with his wonted elegance as if I had done *him* the favour, and walked dejectedly away.

SUCH, HEATHCOATE, has been my *fun*—however, bad luck now, better hereafter, says the proverb. To convince you that I have a bolder heart than you imagine, I will in despite of events go this moment to Mrs. H——; for my watch tells me 'tis exactly the time.

Adieu.

A, FLIGHT.

## L E T T E R LXXVI.

Mr. MEDWAY to the DUKE of DOWN-  
DERDALE.

MY LORD,

IF you knew me perfectly, you would know I hate words—When one man thinks fit to do an injury to another, the *consequence* is so universally *known*, that, I take it, the only words really proper for the occasion are—*bush—bush—no noise*. LUCIA, whom you took upon you to *give away*, is beloved by *me*. Besides, your letter about *her*, is the sauciest thing I ever read in my life—the more so, in consideration that you are a *Duke*.  
If

#### 44 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

If you are not mean enough to *plead privilege*, you will invite me to some place or another just to tell me that I am a scoundrel. Hush—hush—you understand me.

O. MEDWAY.

#### L E T T E R LXXVII.

MISS DE GREY TO MISS LASCELLES.

**M**Y misery increases every moment—I am scarce able to hold the pen—CARLISLE still avoids me most assiduously—yet it is a generous sentiment of *his*, that has reduced me to the state in which I have for some time been involved. My father has been several times on the point of making particular enquiries; but so great a simpleton am I, that, whenever he takes hold of my hand and begins to press it to his bosom, I tremble from head to foot, and he is deterred from speaking. I am certain my heart will break, if an alteration does not soon take place. *Medway* has again this minute been aiming his moon-struck mysteries at me. Coming out of my chamber, I saw him upon the stair-case. I don't wonder, child, at your indisposition, said he—but hush—hush—think of it no more—You may depend upon his death within a week—No noise—Words are wind—Wind is air—Air's a tell-tale—hush. You may depend upon his death, I say, within a week.

DEATH!

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 45

DEATH!—my dear LASCELLES—death! whose death!—Ah, my God!—surely not Captain CARLISLE'S. Yet, why do I terrify myself! MEDWAY is his *admirer*—The poor fellow's a madman.

BUT, indeed, my dear, every thing alarms me now—I must hit upon some expedient, or you will assuredly lose

Your

LUCIA DE GREY.

## L E T T E R LXXVIII.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

'S DEATH and misfortune, what is to be done now!—such a scene has passed at our house within the last twenty-four hours, that I am half-distracted.—The Marchioness hath escaped—My sister discovered me just as I was about to *pull* the fruit, which was (make-believe) ripening, for our tool, Sir ANDREW, and I am in the utmost confusion.—To crown the whole, I have reason to think that cursed letter of CARLISLE'S got safe to hand, while mine miscarried—for, within *this* hour, I have noticed two strange muffled up fellows walking backwards and forwards within sight of my dining-room windows—Perhaps the Marquis himself may be in town, and, according to his Italian custom, these may be his desperadoes, who will dog me to my destiny—I am all terror, *for* I am all guilt.—Have  
you

46 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

you a bed to spare if I could escape to your apartment!--I cannot arrange my thoughts sufficiently to tell the story of the whole ill-judged transaction. But, altogether, passion seems to have laid a trap for my destruction.

Your's

G. LASCELLES.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**W**ORSE and worse, HEATHCOATE. Disappointment again and again--Within the breadth of an hair of my perdition! The charming Mrs. HEWSON was at the bower two minutes after me.

"PUNCTUAL as lovers to the moment sworn," said I--Well, charming pupil, are you now convinced that--

I AM convinced, said she, Sir ANDREW, that you ought to be contented with the many innocent freedoms I allow, without pressing me to grant any thing criminal.

FIE, child, when shall I persuade thee to throw off entirely all those Helter-Skelter-Hall ideas!--Believe me, women of true taste and fashion are above such grovelling, homespun notions--Pleasure is the word with persons that are truly polite;  
and

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 47

and the pleasure I speak of, are the most indispensable. Take my word for it, you can only be a better sort of Plebeian, unless you admit of them--Commence then, I implore you, the true woman of the *ton* at once, and make your Sir ANDREW happy—Nay then, if you refuse me, I must take the fashionable liberty gently to *force* compliance.

To force compliance?—is it really your intention to dishonour me?—Stand off, Sir; you insult me—I am certain it is no derogation to a woman of fashion to be true to her husband—and if it *were*, that is a part of the *ton* I shall never aspire to; to speak the plain fact, Sir ANDREW, this last action and conversation has given me a very poor opinion of——

I CAUGHT hold of her again—

SHE threw me from her, and gave a shriek—But what of that?—to make the matter ten times more terrible, her exclaiming aroused the ear of the pensive *Carlisle*, who was sitting not far off. Never saw I such manly menaces upon the brow of mortal. *His look* awed me more than the loudest threats of the terrific MEDWAY--Fie, Sir ANDREW, said he, (when the Lady was walking off in pretty confusion)—Is this well concerted? Must you violate the laws of hospitality, at the very time that you seduce simplicity?—Fie upon it!—I am not one, Sir ANDREW, who pique myself upon breaking in upon the private  
revellings



48 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

revellings of the libertine ; but the ground you *now* tread upon, is consecrated by belonging to *your friend*—If that, Sir, has no weight with you, I must add something to its force, by informing you, that it is the property of *my* guardian.

SAYING this, he gave a gentle inclination of his head, and passed on.

OH, HEATHCOATE, HEATHCOATE, how diminutively was I shrunk up ; how despicably was I dwindled after his departure ? I sat a little while under the agony of being the subject of my own ridicule. Annihilation just then would have been a blessing, and I sneaked into the house at last, as melancholy a mite as even crawled upon the earth. To finish the matter, CARLISLE treated me at supper, as if nothing had happened.

Adieu.

A. FLIGHT.

L E T T E R LXXX.

MR. LASCELLES TO MR. HEATHCOATE.

**T**HE fellows that hovered over my house have disappeared, and I take up the pen again in more quiet to speak upon the subject of the runaway Marchioness. Ah, what a line of success was I in, if my cursed passion had not made it crooked ? —But there was no possibility of resisting the temptation

temptation—I saw the lovely creatute in so many different positions—This moment she dropt upon her knee to call blessings on her CARLISLE—the next she sprung up and execrated her fatal partiality. 'Twas in vain, under such circumstances, to attack her in my *own* person—She looked—she loved—she existed only in CARLISLE. What was to be done? *Stratagem* assisted—I counterfeited the hand of CARLISLE—made, in his name, a solemn appointment to meet her *with Mr. Lafcelles' permission*—Enjoined a sacred league of reciprocal silence during the midnight visit—was punctual to the assignation—assumed the murmurs of CARLISLE's mellifluous voice, and was received with rapture—Felicity was before me—but I was interrupted even at this very moment, just as the heaven of beauty was in prospect; it was contrived by some demon, that delects me, to occasion a *stumble* as I was stepping along the apartment. By appointment, no lights were to be admitted—but this unfortunate stroke soon introduced *one*, and it was brought in the hand of my very sister. The Marchioness was fixed in astonishment—I knew not which way to stir—The rest is too painful to repeat—We left AUGUSTA in her chamber, but about an hour after we were departed, (my sister to weep, and I to curse myself) I heard somebody go softly down stairs, and presently tampering at the bars of the street-door—I followed the impulse of my suspicions, and hurried down also—You are not to be told it

was

## 50 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

was the Marchioness—I besought her to return—Without condescending to reply, she proceeded in her efforts: upon my interfering a second time, she exclaimed, in a voice, that at once terrified and commanded me—“Villain, set me at liberty!”—I was fool and idiot enough to *obey* her—She rushed into the street like lightning, and, being habited in her boy’s apparel, ran along unsuspected.

CAROLINE does nothing but upbraid—One thing is, the Marchioness has no idea of CARLISLE’s address—At all events, I must weather it out—Perhaps all may again be well—Whatever folly you commit, let not the cursed lusts of the flesh get the better of your policy.

Adieu, Adieu.

GEORGE LASCELLES.

## L E T T E R LXXXI.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

**H**OW is it that I do not hear any thing respecting the Marchioness?—But you will send me by the bearer (GEOFFRY) an explicit account of her. He goes to my house in town to prepare things for my reception there, and returns as soon as he possibly can; the faithful old creature is never easy unless he adjusts every thing himself. It will be impossible for me to  
bear

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 51

bear the sight of Prudence Place many days longer. The inclosed, which I have just received, will account for it. Heaven be with you, prays

Your

C. CARLISLE.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

[The inclosed.]

Mr. MEDWAY to Captain CARLISLE.

**N**OT a word of noise, my dear boy = softly = softly = The new Duke is an old fool = his nephew is an infant = I will put an end to the whole matter instantly. Say nothing = I am a brief man. I did indeed design to kill his Grace first = but let him linger on a little longer = hush = hush = I will do the thing directly = Whisper = whisper, my friend CLEMENT = the ceremony is at hand. I love you even though you saved a puppy from being drowned = but hush, he shall die yet.

Adieu.

O. MEDWAY.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

The Duke of DOWNERDALE to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

Dear Nephew,

**I**F this reaches you before you are set off, don't leave Prudence Place without chastising the insolence of the audacious OLIVER MED-

VOL. II.

I

WAY.

## 52 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

WAY. He has absolutely had the impudence to challenge me to single combat—to challenge a Duke, Sir ANDREW; think of that—Think of it, nephew, with proper solidity, and let it fire your indignation—Wipe off, I charge you, this stain upon the ermine of your most illustrious family—Purify us at the risque of your life—We know your native courage—we know the sums you have expended in the art of defence. Now *this* is the time—Fight without delay—if you are wounded, all the physicians of the globe shall be at your service—if you slay him, which I a thousand times the rather hope, hasten to the continent, and I will join you there—if you fall, never were funeral honours so great as your's shall be, and you will also be entitled to a place by the side of crowned heads in Westminster-abbey. I send a special courier with this, that he may bring me the issue of the combat—If you do not chosse to engage, lose no time to say so, that, old as I am, I may chastise the insolent *myself*. But why do I say, not *chosse* to fight? You will be even *too* heroic; the blood in your veins is too rich to suffer an insulter of your family to live. Mars protect you, my boy.

DOWNDERDALE.

## L E T T E R LXXXIV.

The Marchioness of N. to Signora \*\*\* at Rome.

OH VIOLA, VIOLA, let not the fondness of the heart ever tempt you to expect any thing from



THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 53

from the generosity of man—of man, not only born for our destruction, but glorying in the deed—Ah, my friend, what perfidy!—what cruelty!—

BUT wherefore do I waste time in these womanish complaints?—The moments are too precious—they are marked for *revenge*—revenge, VIOLA, which shall sweep from the earth the most barbarous of men.

YES, VIOLA, he shall die—die by the arm of the wronged Marchioness—Wish you to know the name of my victim? know it then in that of the detestable *Carlisle*.

OH, the indelicate—the ingrateful—I have not composure enough to write—He absolutely attempted the basest—

YOU can have no idea of it but from his own words.

To the Marchioness of N \* \* \*.

‘ I come, my beautiful Marchioness—I come !  
‘ —The hour of my joy shall be midnight ; in  
‘ the very part of the week you have mentioned  
‘ — But silence, *reciprocal* silence must prevail  
‘ — No lights — Nothing but a tender exchange of the warmest vows that ever were  
‘ breathed from the lips of lovers. Adieu.

## 34 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

‘ I have a little disguised my hand for fear of  
‘ accidents—but no more—Adieu—ten thou-  
‘ sand times adieu—

‘ CARLISLE.’

THIS fallacious piece of wickedness, under the appearance of tenderness, was delivered, as usual, by the execrable LASCELLES—to what end, do you think?—Ah, my dear Signora, it is too shocking for your fancy ever to conjecture it! With a blush I tell you, that, on *my part*,—for, oh Signora, I loved to death—the moment of assignation was expected with unutterable impatience. It was observed.

THE apartment was dark—universal tremor shook every nerve as I heard the step approach me—But the foot in advancing encountered a chair—Sure it was placed there by Providence to produce the alarm which discovered to me—

—I AM overwhelmed in tears—which discovered the villainy of *Lascelles* and *Carlisle*. Yes, Viola, CARLISLE, the great, the elegant, the virtuous-seeming CARLISLE—CARLISLE, degenerated to a mere pander—an ordinary wretch, who had agreed to sacrifice the woman that adored him,—sacrifice her to the man with whom he placed her for protection!—But this is not half his baseness;—this was not an enormity of sufficient magnitude for the illustrious CARLISLE. When LASCELLES left the room while

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 55

(while I was hurrying on my boy's apparel, resolved to escape)—I felt under my feet some papers, which my good genius directed me to take up. I got safe from the detested house, and wandered, a solitary wretch, in the streets, I knew not whither. It could not yet be past two o'clock in the morning, and the watchmen, who are always abroad till after that hour, were still upon their guard. As there are lamps disposed through all the parts of this city, I stood under one of them to examine my papers, which I judge must have fallen from LASCELLES' pocket—They contained—they contained—O pity me, VIOLA—*read—read* their infamous contents, and confess, that your poor Marchioness has but too much justice in the vengeance which she is resolved to take.

[The inclosed PAPERS.]

### PAPER I.

*Superscribed* The Copy of a letter from Captain  
CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

' Dear LASCELLES,

' You are too generous—Why should you  
' wish to offer marriage to such a wanton? No,  
' my friend, even if she were a widow, I would  
' dissuade you from it: rather follow my first ad-  
' vice, and, as I do assure you she is *perfectly de-*  
' *testable* to me, make the easiest terms you can  
with

56 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

‘ with her. But, you still insist on treating her  
 ‘ with terms of honour. What! will you shew  
 ‘ fidelity to her after she has received you un-  
 ‘ der the notion of your being CLEMENT CAR-  
 ‘ LISLE? I must again say, that you are too ge-  
 ‘ nerous to such a wanton. But act as you  
 ‘ please. She is, *of all women in the world*, as  
 ‘ much my aversion, as she can possibly be your  
 ‘ admiration.

‘ CLEMENT CARLISLE.’

PAPER II.

*Superscribed* Copy of a letter from Mr. LAS-  
 CELLES to Sir A. F. at Paris.

‘ Dear Baron,

‘ PURCHASE for me, I beseech you, the most  
 ‘ brilliant suit of jewels in your whole city, and  
 ‘ send them down to me immediately, that I may  
 ‘ lay them at the feet of one whose eyes are ten  
 ‘ times brighter than any thing either at Paris or  
 ‘ Golconda itself can afford.

‘ G. LASCELLES.’

*Superscribed* Copy of a letter from Captain  
 CARLISLE.

‘ THE day of my marriage with LUCIA D. G.  
 ‘ is fixed for the 27th instant. If, without sus-  
 ‘ picion of that fury, whom you so foolishly  
 ‘ love, you can disengage yourself, I should wish  
 ‘ you

' you to be at the ceremony, were it only to assure you that, so far from *liking* the Marchioness, I doat upon my beautiful *intended*.

Adieu, ' C. CARLISLE.'

SUCH were the complottings, levelled by two barbarous men, my VIOLA, against your poor—your unhappy Marchioness. I thought madness would have seized me at the moment of reading such a black design—a design, my VIOLA, which LASCELLES was cruel enough to *endeavour* to carry into execution—But why do I tell you of the misery I have sustained?—Why do I dwell upon the hardships of passing, formerly, through the streets of London, while every happier heart was at rest?—What are these, VIOLA, to the agony of a soul burning with revenge?—*Marriage* too—The villain is upon the verge of matrimony, is he? *This* then is the cause of all my misery—of all my disappointments. His truth, his love, his tenderness is all reserved for another woman it seems—the happy LUCIA D. G.—Perdition upon her charms! Discord upon their union! Oh, that I could find out her abode! Married—what *married*!—whom? CARLISLE, my CARLISLE—oh distraction—distraction.

No, never, VIOLA—excuse my despair. I have an oath to send to the great and good God, who now beholds me upon my knees.

IT



## 58 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

IT is registered, VIOLA—it is written in the adamantine volume—I am to answer it. Farewel.

In Continuation.

I HAVE fixed upon a small apartment belonging to people (to whom money reconciles all mysterious appearances) within sight of CARLISLE's house in London—Six hour's vigilance has produced *yet* no other success than the sight of servants, who come in and go out of the house, as if they were at present the masters of it. He is certainly out of town,—perhaps making splendid preparations for his marriage—oh, my brain—my brain—I would die with transport to prevent it—It *must* be prevented—My oath—my oath!

Farewel.

In Continuation.

I HAVE had a second string to my vow of vengeance. I shift my place, alternately, from watching the house of CARLISLE, to that from which I have a prospect upon LASCELLES. By this means I am mistress of both: nothing can happen but under my eye.

My soul is upon guard.

I WILL now send off my letter. Farewel again—to the

Marchioness of N . . .

L E T.

## L E T T E R LXXXV.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

OH! my dear HEATHCOATE, I have spent half this day, in vain, to pacify my outrageous sister, but to no purpose. Her cursed virtue plagues me to death. I have dispatched a line to CARLISLE, which, I hope, will keep all quiet, till, by some means, I can recover the Marchioness—But, at present, I have not had courage to step over my own threshold since the cursed accident happened. One thing consoles me not a little: I perceive two papers, which I *purposely wrote, forged, and dropt* in AUGUSTA's apartment are—beyond my expectation, as she went away in the night—pickt up. As she knows not CARLISLE's address in the country, and is, I believe, without much money—she may be tempted to return. On the other hand, if these scheming papers have fallen into my sister CAROLINE's possession, it is worse still.—However, at all events, I take care no letters shall go *out* or come *into* my house without my knowledge. Yet, I suspect, that CAROLINE receives letters left for her at some other place—I know not what to think. The cursed uncertainty too of the Marquis's journey, either to *my* place of direction, or to CARLISLE's, much encreases my anxiety. Ah! HEATHCOATE, HEATHCOATE, what a

60 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

hell it is to be liable to so many terrible apprehensions! O guilt, guilt, guilt!

Adieu.

G. LASCELLES.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

From the Same to Captain CARLISLE.

[Previous to LASCELLES's receipt of the Captain's last.]

I DID not, my dear Captain, write to you again upon the subject of the Marchioness; since, I judged, you would take it for granted, that, if any thing *more* unlucky had happen'd, I should immediately have informed you: add to which, I was very unwilling—unless absolutely necessary—to multiply these attentions, which are employing your generous heart at Prudence-Place. I am astonished at the Marquis's delay. Your letter must have miscarried. Is it not adviseable to write another? London is as barren and burning as Arabia Deserta this horrid hot weather: I would not have you obliged to pass your summer here for any consideration. Not a single soul of *your* acquaintance will be seen here these three months. For my part, I am tied by the foot. Business, you know (agency, my dear friend) must be minded. By-the-by, I must, once more, draw upon your kindness (that bank which is, I think, never to be overdrawn!) a friend of mine wants 200*l.* for two months, can you spare it?

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 61

it? If you can, forward it when the post returns,  
to your ever obliged

GEORGE LASCELLES.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

From the Same to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

**E**VERY thing smiles—in a little time, your  
amour will laugh like yourself—But you sent the  
money *short*. Female elegance is expensive. I  
have something in my eye that would thaw the  
chastity of Diana—yet, it may slip through my  
fingers: it is, like the Marchioness herself, too  
beautiful to hang in hand. Send an hundred  
pounds more, therefore, immediately, that the  
purchase may be compleated. I never saw LUCIA  
DE GREY, but, I am convinced, she must be an  
Ethiopian to AUGUSTAN.

Your's,

G. LASCELLES.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Mr. HEATHCOATE to Mr. LASCELLES.

Dear fellow-labourer in the same vineyard,

**I** RECEIVE the account of *thy* misery, with  
sympathy—May that genius which hath hitherto  
inspired us, still keep thee from being crush'd!—  
All thy secrets are, and will ever be, safe in the  
bosom of your

D. HEATHCOATE.

P. S.

62 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

P. S. We will continue, as usual, to *divide* the Baronet betwixt us. He hath, as I hope, you already *know*, received a fresh supply. His Uncle hath great Additions of fortune annexed to his *dukedom*—We may expect, therefore, to be as rich as *Lords*, at least. Keep up thy spirits.

Adieu,

D. HEATHCOATE.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. DE GREY.

Dear Sir,

**T**HERE are so many meddling fellows about, that I perceive 'tis impossible to stay till the house is clear, and it *must* be a publick piece of work at *last*. Yes, my dear friend, though I hate noise, it must be done——Please to let it be Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday next, as is most proper and suitable. I had, however, rather have it done, private, in the house, by the way of hush, if possible. Noise is shocking—We don't want a pack of starers to instruct us what to do. Hush—hush. Five Words are as effectual as fifty. I could have explained much conciser, had I not chosen to make the appointment that is to determine the thing in *writing*. But there is too much company to speak upon certain subjects that shall be nameless—hush—hush. The sun gets up by four o'clock at this  
time



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 63

time of the year. Shall we rise therefore to-morrow or the next day morning, and so contrive to have the business all done and over before the unconcerned part of the family are stirring? No noise no noise—set your foot lightly—who's the wiser, who's the wiser?—hush—hush—hush. You understand me. I will give you this with my own hand: do you do the same—hem—hem—No noise—hush!—

OLIVER MEDWAY.

P. S. SAY in your answer, Ceremony, four o'clock, such a day—Enough—hush.

## L E T T E R X C.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

**P**ITY me, my dear LASCELLES, pity me! Never—no, never was man so beset by temptations! MEDWAY drew me, a little while since, in his sly way, to the very farthermost end of the room, and in the softest whisper told me, that—O misery, Mr. LASCELLES!—he should have the Ring upon LUCIA's finger in less than three days. “Hush—hush—said he, 'tis the greatest in the world—the poor girl is quite sick upon my delay—She chides me with her looks, every time I see her. I cannot even have leisure enough to put to death the uncle and nephew—They must live till the beginning of the week—Pray pardon me for that, my dear friend. *One* would have

64 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

have *sunk* if you could but have let him alone— Poor LUCIA, longer delay would certainly kill her!— Three days has she, already, kept her chamber—Mum—Mum—No Noise—I have the thing that will settle the business in my pocket.”

THIS Conversation was, like all his discourse, in set, solemn sentences—Mr. DE GREY, with an air of sadness upon his venerable brow, came into the room, and we parted.

OH LASCELLES, help me to language—help me to sentiments which describe sensations of horror, that I may transmit to you some idea of the feeling that took hold of my heart; when I beheld MEDWAY put, as if by stealth into the hand of Mr. DE GREY, a Paper that seemed to be stamp'd with several seals!—Though it was too much like a *letter*, and too *small* to be a settlement, yet my fancy suggested it was some deed sufficient to my destruction—

HAD not water been at hand, I should certainly have dropt.

To swell the circumstance, both the HEWSONS and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT were in the room.

This was not all. Mr. DE GREY seemed to receive the packet with pleasure, and retired rather abrunder than he was wont to do, when he leaves a company.

MEDWAY

MEDWAY hummed a love sonnet, and capered about the room; passing by me every now and then with a wink.

The trial was too hard to be supported. I withdrew. What was to be done? It was plain that Sir ANDREW's affair was out of the question; *Medway—Medway only*, was the man. For *Medway*—the cruel—(ah! why do I call her cruel?)—the charming LUCIA DE GREY was now languishing in her chamber: for *him*, she had been long indisposed—*his* image it was that filled her thoughts—*his* person it was that charmed her eyes—*he* only was—to—to—

I lost my senses, LASCELLES—and I now lose them again at the recollection of what followed these reflections.

LUCIA DE GREY herself appeared. She came tottering from her apartment, with a countenance, which, although ever lovely, denoted infinite emotion.

Oh Mr. CARLISLE, said she, lifting up both her hands, what is doing above in the library?

Doing, my dear Miss DE GREY, replied I, (as we walked into the garden, whither she was going to air) you frighten me—why—*what* is doing?

*Ceremony* (said she, in the most faltering voice)

66 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

voice) for what could my father so loudly repeat the word *ceremony*, Mr. CARLISLE?

*When* was that, my dear Miss DE GREY? YOUR DEAR Miss DE GREY, CLEMENT—ah! that—I beg pardon, *Madam*—Habits are unconquerable—I beg pardon—I say, *Miss De Grey*—

My God, Mr. CARLISLE!—I had no such idea—no such—How can you *use* me so, Mr. CARLISLE?

Madam?

Perverseness!—I say, Mr. CARLISLE, I am not conscious of any conduct, that—that—should warrant—such treatment—such treatment Mr. CARLISLE, as I—I—have received from—from—

*Treatment*, Miss *De Grey*—treatment—my—my—treatment have you received? what! *ill* treatment?—O hasten to tell me *when*, *how*, *where*, by *whom*—then see, my—my *dear*—*dear*—then, *Madam*, I say, see if I will brook it!—Has Sir ANDREW, has Mr. *Medway*?—but I ask pardon, *Madam*, my zeal has hurried me into language which, as things are circumstanced, must naturally offend you.

It does, indeed, Sir—It seems studied to do *more* than offend me—to break my heart.

YOUR

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 57

YOUR heart, Miss DE GREY!—I have done—I shall—I, I—have done—I wish you—I wish you, very happy—Indeed I do—Upon—upon my soul, Madam, I do!

HAPPY, Mr. CARLISLE!—oh barbarous! Give me leave to go in—I wish I were dead! I have business up-stairs, Sir—Happy, happy—you wish me happy; and yet you talk in these ungenerous terms of one who—who has been such an *old friend*—oh, Mr. CARLISLE, how can you use me so?

UPON these words she went again into the house in anger and agony inexpressible. But who could ever have suggested that her passion for that strange man, should have made her so sensible of the slightest impression against his character? His very *name*, pronounced in a loud voice, sets her on flame—An old friend—ungenerous to an *old friend*—To be sure I have known Mr. MEDWAY some time—I have—But why do I argue upon the subject? Every moment makes my disappointment more manifest—Why then am I perplexing my heart with constant attempts to explain *what*, if I was not wilfully blinded, is as clear as the light of Heaven? The only wise part—the only *possible* part for me now to act, is, directly to *withdraw*. Perhaps the morrow may *complete* my misery. Mr. DE GREY is now, even now, adjusting the *ceremony*—The very ring is before me. Were I  
to



## 68 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

to stay longer, I should not be able to answer either for my truth or my honour. OH LUCIA—LUCIA—LUCIA—I can no more.—

P. S. THE 200l. you shall have from my own hand.—Dear friend, farewell.

C. CARLISLE.

## L E T T E R XCI.

MR. DE GREY TO MR. MEDWAY.

CONSCIOUS, dear Mr. MEDWAY, of no sort of offence; but, on the contrary, feeling for you the same warmth of friendship as usual, I am not a little surprised at the turn and colouring of the sentiment in your last letter. I have now puzzled over it a great while, without being in any measure rewarded for my pains. To speak the whole truth, I do not comprehend one sentence of your whole favour. You seem to be agitated, and desirous of performing certain ceremonies with peculiar privacy, at a very early hour of the morning: and yet I cannot conceive of what nature those ceremonies should be; nor, if they are of an hostile complexion, can I suggest to myself, whence they should happen. I beg you will be so friendly as to *explain* this matter. If you can point out to me any circumstance that, to your eye, looks like an impropriety, no man will be more willing to be instructed how it may be amended. If it should  
 01 prove,

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 69

prove, that you are yourself mistaken, no man will more chearfully impute it to that origin from whence many similar errors have proceeded, namely, from excessive *sensibility*.

I am, my dear MEDWAY,  
Your obedient servant,

ROBERT DE GREY.

## LETTER XCII.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. DE GREY.

SIR,

**H**O! ho!—is that the case?—You don't choose to understand me—You desire *explanations*——Certainly right—Nobody can blame you. Hush—hush. I am no flincher. Name every thing—place, weapons, ground, time, &c.—I love you, and therefore will give you every advantage over me in the world. But your daughter *must not marry any body else*, while there is upon the face of the earth such a man as the forgotten

OLLY MEDWAY.

P. S. No noise.

## LETTER XCIII.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. LASCELLES.

**I** WILL add five hundred pieces to the 100l. you send for, GEORGE, if you will, without  
any

## TO THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

*any* delay—(mark the word *any*)—come down to Prudence Place, or, to a place of appointment *nearer*, and kill **OLLY MEDWAY** in single combat: reasons for this. Prompt payment. I shall only say his death is necessary, not only to my *honour*, but to my future well-being with my uncle, consequently *your* subsistence is touched as well as that of

ANDREW FLIGHT.

N. B. The credit of his fall must be mine. Be at the sign of the Duke's Head in the neighbouring village, Wednesday evening. Knowing your exactness, I shall behave like an hero accordingly.

## L E T T E R XCIV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to the Duke of  
DOWNDERDALE.

Honoured Uncle,

**I**T looks suspicious to detain your messenger any longer—The great nicety of finishing a trifle of this nature is, to do it quietly. I am waiting my opportunity; and although, for your Grace's sake, and the sake of my family, my blood boils to be at him, yet, as I am a visitor here, it will be decent to go prudently to work. I am glad you did me the justice to believe I would chastise the insolent. If I see your Grace again on this side Heaven, it will be with honour;

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 71

nour; if not, I shall meet you in elysium. Your Lordship—I should say—your Grace, will pardon my being a little jocular upon these sort of circumstances—They are the bagatelles of such spirits as descend from such a bosom as your Grace's to that of your happy

A. FLIGHT.

## L E T T E R XCV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. MEDWAY.

MEDWAY,

**A**FTER a good deal of reflection, I am not able (though I am one of the best tempered men in the world) to brook your dastardly behaviour—You called me *coward—puppy—jack-anapes*, &c. besides reflecting on my uncle, HIS GRACE of DOWNDERDALE—Now, I must inform you, there is a large spot of waste, unfrequented, heath-ground at the back of the Duke's Head in the village. Twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, (I mean Wednesday next) let me have the pleasure to see you to answer these several charges. Meantime, to shew our real bravery, let's be exceeding good friends, and disguise the deadly designs that are glowing in our heroic bosoms. I send this by Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON, who being a quiet worthy lad, shall be my friend in the field.

The angry

ANDREW FLIGHT.

72 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

L E T T E R XCVI.

Mr. MEDWAY's Answer.

**H**USH—hush. I begin to think better of you. No noise, little Sir ANDREW. I rather expect the chance of a pop or a pink to *night*; but, if my wound in that quarter should not be mortal, you may depend upon shaking hands on Wednesday with

Your

OL. MEDWAY.

L E T T E R XCVII.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. DE GREY.

**I**FEEL myself of late, my very dear friend, not quite so well in my health. I impute it to the recent alteration of climate. A little excursion may possibly assist me, and therefore I propose to set out to-morrow morning to my town-house, and so back again.

**B**UT, as it is possible, my dear Sir, some *changes* may happen in your family before my return, I will, with *your* leave, joined to that of Mr. MEDWAY, (who I understand is now closeted with you) make bold to pay my parting *devoir*—in your presence—to Miss DE GREY. Perhaps, Sir, it is decreed, that I am never more to salute her under that appellation. Nothing however



however can happen that can violate the heart-felt esteem, with which I am,

My dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

## LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

JOY, joy, HEATHCOATE—I—I—I have recovered my lost treasure—recovered her, though by compulsion—I caught her upon the look-out for Captain CARLISLE; and as good luck would have it, scarce ten minutes before old limping GEOFFERY, the Captain's favourite footman, arrived with a letter from his master.—I am ready to leap out of my skin, though, as to the Lady herself, never did I see such a dreadful alteration; her visage pale, her eyes dim, her air languid—She scarce seems to have taken refreshment since her escape—Though my sister kneels down and presses her, with tears, to eat, she most obstinately refuses. What a violent woman! I gave it out to two fellows, whom I had upon the scout, that she was a relation of mine, hurt in her senses, who had broke from us. Her behaviour to them, on being seized, justified this; for, in getting her up stairs to her old apartment, she took a little pocket-knife from her side, and aimed it with full force at one of the men's throats. I own I am sorry to see her in this situation,

## 74 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

tuation, though I had rather have her *any way*, than have her to *look for*. CARLISLE would certainly have taken vengeance. *Now* all may be well again. I am glad to see my sister behave so prudently to AUGUSTA. In a day or two I shall send you better news about her. If I ever again run the risque of gratifying my *passion* at the price of my *policy*, then execrate

Your old unfortunate

G. LASCELLES.

P. S. I am going down on Wednesday to fight for *five hundred pounds*: OLLY MEDWAY is to be the *mark*. The money, you may be sure, is to be for ANDREW'S FRIENDS. The *Fame* he may put into his pocket if he please. 'Tis to be within half a mile of Prudence Place—yet shall I not be seen. I shall fire my pistol, and come away again directly. As to my *exit*, that is out of the question. I am shot-free.

## L E T T E R XCIX.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES, Esq.

**T**HE strangest as well as the most sudden alteration has happened in the affairs at Prudence Place that you can possibly imagine. Oh, my LASCELLES, I am lighter than the air—the dead weight is taken from my bosom—I have neither a thorn in my heart, nor a wrinkle on my brow. Though the path that led to this paradise

radise was not without brambles that *obstructed*, it presented, at *last*, the smoothest, the most lawny, as well as the most rosy prospect in the world.

You shall hear.

UNABLE, any longer, to bear the increasing perplexities of my situation, I wrote a letter of excuse to Mr. DE GREY for a week's absence, and went to pay my farewell respects to LUCIA.

SUGGESTING what might be the state of my feelings at the close of such an interview, I took care to have my carriage waiting for me at the door the moment I left her apartment—nor did I even *allow* myself this pleasure of entering her apartment at all, till I had pre-invited *Mr. De Grey* to be present, and even till I had *apprized* *Mr. Medway* of the sole purpose of my visit.

I MEANT only to make—my *heart* *ask*—and withdraw.—Oh human nature !—

MR. DE GREY opened the door to me; he had scarce entered himself—Behind him stood—MEDWAY, making his salutations to LUCIA, who, upon seeing me advance, put on, as of late had been usual, a sort of *anxiousness*, which I have been but too apt to construe in my *disfavour*.

LUCIA DE GREY looked, as if she thought it a *strange meeting*.

"PRAY sit down, gentlemen," said she, in a fluttering manner—"Pray sit down."

HER father took her by the hand. I was preparing to speak on the subject of my departure—but could, for the soul of me, get no farther than—"I am come, Madam—I am come, Miss DE GREY—I am—I am come"—

"Very true, Captain," replied Mr. DE GREY, taking me up briskly, "you are come extremely apropos—you are come just in time to be a witness to—"

OH! LASCELLES, my perverting fancy caught at the only wrong construction of the sentiment, and I interrupted him by exclaiming,

"EXCUSE me, my dear Mr. DE GREY—pray excuse me—I would dedicate not only my leisure, but my life to the wishes of your family—but to be a *witness*—to be a *witness*, my good Sir, upon so interesting an occasion—is—is—is—indeed, I could not be of any service."

"SERVICE, Mr. CARLISLE," said MEDWAY—"there is no service in the case—the only service you can be of in promoting the design of our visit to this young Lady, is to be a witness that I have had all the reason in the world to suppose I was beloved by her."

"WAS

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 77

"WAS it ever questioned, Mr. MEDWAY," said I?

"QUESTIONED,"—retorted Miss DE GREY—"questioned, Mr. CARLISLE—beloved by me—Mr. MEDWAY beloved by me!"

"Yes, Madam, I,"—said MEDWAY?

"Now then we come to the point," replied Mr. DE GREY—

"PERHAPS these explanations, said I, may be improper before me—I certainly intrude—Family affairs are sacred—I beg permission to withdraw—Had I known you were upon business of so much delicacy"—

"STAY, Mr. CARLISLE," answered LUCIA, with more firmness than is usual to such extreme delicacy as her's—"it is a justice you owe me to stay, Sir—With regard to you, Mr. MEDWAY, I beg to know upon what misconstruction you found the astonishing fact you charge me with?"

"*Astonishing fact*, Madam," rejoined MEDWAY—"Is it not clear! have I not fed my fond heart with this idea many months?—did you not always meet me with a smile?—have I not a thousand times said, that you was made to be the best wife in the world?—have I not been ready to murder any man that should dare to look steadfastly at you? Has not your father heard me de-



clare, that I would lose my blood in your service?"

HERE LUCIA lifted up her hands again.

"I GRANT all this, my dear MEDWAY," said Mr. DE GREY, "but surely, this is no foundation for a passion. LUCIA smiles whenever she meets any of her friends. It is a complacency that belongs to her character—it belongs even to her face: her features are made for giving welcome to her father's friends—*Such* Mr. MEDWAY most certainly *is*."

"LOOKEE, Mr. DE GREY," replied MEDWAY—"hush—hush—no noise about this business—I am no talker. I have been intending to make your daughter my wife a long while. I thought both you and she knew plain enough my meaning, especially as I was exceeding cautious lest it should be known to any body else—which I despise. I took the affair for granted. It seems I am deceived. Nobody understood my meaning but myself—The business is easily brought to an issue. Here's the upshot. Do you now, Mr. DE GREY, approve of my beginning more explicit overtures?"

"THAT question," said Mr. DE GREY, "is first to be submitted to my daughter. You are a worthy man, and I here declare I have no objection

jection to *any* gentleman, upon whom I have any solid reasons to believe *she* places her affections."

"GIVE me your hand," cried MEDWAY; "you speak fairly—I love honour better than life—life—it *is* MY heaven—Well, Miss LUCIA, now is the time. Every thing rests with you?"

GUESS if you can, LASCELLES, what I underwent at this moment! my heart was at my lips.

"Since it is incumbent on me to speak," said the beautiful trembler, "I must confess, that, though there is no man I more esteem than Mr. MEDWAY, as a *friend*; yet, yet, in the light of—of—a *lover*, I—I—cannot say that—that—Pray be not displeased with me, if I say that—"

"Enough said, enough said—hush—hush—I'm only angry," said MEDWAY, "that you did not tell me so before; but—no noise—I see it was partly my own fault. Give me a buss—you are a good girl—a bad one at a *hint* tho'—hush—hush—you are a bad one at a hint. Give me your hand, Mr. DE GREY. I thought I was acting the right part—But I am too old, and too odd a fellow to die of disappointment, so all I have farther to say on the subject is this; don't speak of my affair below—Let us separate—Let us go down a little *after* one another—Who's the wiser? who's the wiser?"

"Another

80 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

"Another moment, if you please," said Mr. DE GREY, (rising and advancing to LUCIA, whom in the course of the conversation he had left)—"Since matters have gone thus far, and we are all friends together; tell me, LUCIA, if you think there is any *other* person who may be going on in the same *mistake*. If so, we may rectify it in time. Do you imagine any other, in *this family*, for instance, lays claim to your tenderness, my dear?"

My God, LASCELLES, what a question!

"No, indeed, Sir," answered LUCIA, with a sigh.

"Oh! yes," rejoined MEDWAY, that bit of "a Baronet, Sir ANDREW FLIGHT."

"Sir ANDREW FLIGHT!" cried she hastily—"the matter was not *improbable* with so *worthy* a man as Mr. MEDWAY, but surely Sir ANDREW FLIGHT could never—"

"Madam," returned MEDWAY, "I was about to have jerked him into a fish pond upon that account. If you have ever any thing to say to such a fellow as that, I'll never forgive you."

"Perhaps it may be in *your* power, Mr. CARLISLE," said Mr. DE GREY, (coming round to me) "to help us to another upon the lover's list."

THINK

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 81

THINK of my confusion, LASCELLES ! after great hesitation I spoke as follows, while LUCIA went first to one window then to the other, as if taking different views of the garden.

" I must own, Sir, it does not seem difficult for me to mention another of Miss DE GREY's admirers. The difficulty would be in finding a person of her acquaintance who did *not* come under that character."

" Come, come, CARLISLE, no noise—no noise," said MEDWAY, " you have *yourself* been her admirer any time these—"

Here LUCIA turned round, with a face blooming with a thousand blushes.

" Mr. CARLISLE *my* admirer, Mr. MEDWAY ?—"

" Yes, Miss DE GREY, Mr. CARLISLE has, to my knowledge, been your admirer before he went to Italy. You may thank me—for now I see the whole train of my mistake—that he has pined and grieved, and—"

" For heaven's sake, Mr. MEDWAY !" said LUCIA.

" CLEMENT," said Mr. DE GREY, " MEDWAY is too hard upon you: he has had a slight scratch of the passion himself, and he wants

82 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

to make us believe you have had a wound too. But come, Mr. MEDWAY, I have something to shew you in the library — such a fishing-pole as, perhaps, you never saw.”

They both went out of the room hand-in-hand—LUCIA attempted to follow.

“ And *must* you go then, Miss DE GREY ?” said I.

“ Go,” replied she, turning—“ lord, why not, Mr. CARLISLE ? I am going to see the fishing-pole.”

“ What a blessing I should have deemed it, Miss DE GREY, if this discovery had been made before I went to Italy !”

“ What did you say, Mr. CARLISLE ?—Italy—Good God !——Has your Italian attractions then——”

“ OLUCIA !—LUCIA ! I can hold no longer—Too long—too long already hath a sense of honour, and a religious regard to what I, all the time, thought *your happiness*, kept me silent—for this I bleed—for this I was in despair—for this too it was that I was again preparing to depart—But—truth requires no longer sacrifice. My feelings may now again shew themselves—Again may I adore those charming eyes—again—You are not angry with me, LUCIA ?”

“ Angry



THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 83

"Angry with you—CLEMENT?"

"Dear, generous LUCIA DE GREY—This hand must bear the impression of my gratitude."

"Pshaw—nonsense—how *can* you, CARLISLE? but you were departing—whither would you go, CARLISLE?"

"I had forgot that my chaise\* is at the door, LUCIA?"

"AND must you go then, CLEMENT?"

"Go, my adorable LUCIA! yes I must go this moment—I must go as fast as my feet can carry me, to—order my horses to be put into MR. DE GREY's stable.

"How soon you men alter your minds, Clement."

"AH, LUCIA! LUCIA! I am now possessing one of the happiest moments of my life."

"I AM myself not *miserable*, CARLISLE—and — and — and so take my hand, and—"

"Do with it what I please!—"

FOR the first time since my return, I not only kissed *that*, LASCELLES, but ravished a

## 84 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

rapture upon her rosy lip. Here is an end of my conversation-letter.

I SHALL *not* come to town—my horses are turned to grass—Love is likely to allow them a long feast of pasturage—I cannot tell you how light I feel at the heart—But let me not in my extasy forget my friend! The cash, which I designed to bring *myself*, I now remit a draft for. I beg you will ever continue to command, on all sorts of occasion, the services of

Your's,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

## LETTER C.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

A MISERY, and a misfortune more extreme than before, hath fallen upon me—The Marquis is come—The Marchioness is every thing but absolutely distracted—My sister is overwhelmed in tears! I am plunging in the abyss of despair. My whole family is in ruins.

A VIOLENT thundering at my door last night, and almost towards the zenith of it, announced the impatience of somebody who had authority to disturb us.

AH! HEATHCOATE, conscious guilt at that moment emasculated my usual hardihood; I felt my  
my

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 85

my heart convulsing in my bosom, and the shameful drops of *fear* were upon my brow. Flying then from my bed, wrapt up only in a *robe de chambre*, I charged my servants to deny me—gave my sister the like injunction, and then stole, with inglorious terror, into a kind of lumber-room at the top of the house, that I might escape even the *voice* of my accuser. To this precaution, probably, am I indebted for my life—Who, HEATHCOATE, can *expect* to conquer the man whom he has *wronged*? For money, I am mercenary enough to fight, but with the weight of *crimes* upon the heart, one's intrepidity hath no room to play.

THE knocking being for some time repeated, and every repetition with more vehemence, admittance was at length given.

ON these high-spirited foreigners! No sooner was he entered, than he demanded, in a tone of implicit command, his violated wife. He did not, it seems, wait any reply. He did not wait even long enough for obedience. In disregard of every thing that looked like ceremony, he flew up stairs—rushed from one room to another; and found at last the object of his search. I heard the shriek of the Marchioness's amazement, even to the remotest corner of my hiding hole. Barbarous man! abandoned woman! re-echoed thro' the cave. I was witness to the clamorous denunciation

86 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

nunciation of death upon CARLISLE and myself. I was witness that the Marquis was in possession of CARLISLE's address—the name of DE GREY, and even of LUCIA, were articulated with curses of vengeance—With execrations, still stronger, was all future connexion with the Marchioness renounced; and he rushed down the stair-case at last, swearing never more to close his eyes till his revenge, as far as it could be had in *this* world (that was his expression) was compleat.

SINCE his departure, I have crept from my sanctuary, and tried, but not without tremor, to gain admittance to the apartment of AUGUSTA. She has drawn a triple bolt across the door—She will not speak—My sister is on the bed of sickness. O TRUTH! what a DEITY art THOU?—thy smile might chase away despair. But what are these reflections to the pusillanimous and false.

G. LASCELLES.

L E T T E R C I.

From the Marquis of N. to Miss DE GREY.

MADAM,

DO a stranger the honour to deliver the inclosed (after you have yourself read it) to the greatest and most accomplished villain upon earth. I take this mode of getting my letter to his hand, that you, whom I presume to be young  
and

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 87

and innocent, may, if not too late, escape the wrongs that are heaped upon the head of

The Marquis of N.

The inclosed to Captain CARLISLE.

S I R,

AS *cowardice* is not, I hope, amongst the number of your vices, I send you this honourable warning, that I shall be within ten paces of Prudence Place at twelve o'clock *this* night, to pay you a double debt, the first in nature of a money obligation, the second in recompence for having debauched the *wife of a friend*. Your conduct would warrant assassination; but I scorn it.

The Marquis of N.

P. S. I have no design to rob you of the Marchioness. She is fighting for you *where you placed her*. If you exceed my appointment but a single moment, I will be in your house. My soul is determined.

M. of N.

L E T T E R CII.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

AT length, my dear Miss LASCELLES, the long line of mysteries is unravelled. Yes, my friend, the cause of your poor LUCIA's anxiety  
is



## 88 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

is now no longer problematical. Alas! it is made but too manifest! So there IS an Italian attachment I find after all! the warm heart of Captain CARLISLE could not, it seems, remain insensible of beauty, blooming under so bright a sun. Nay, his passion, to do him justice, is of the most fashionable kind. A *wife* has been his object: to give him greater eclat—the wife of his friend—

OH, Miss LASCELLES, I have not patience to go on—Oh that I could find—that I could but have a single glance of this all-accomplished Marchioness of N—! *That* is his *dulcinea*—She must be *very* handsome—she must, certainly, surpass all the ladies on this side the line—Heavens, Miss LASCELLES, what an angel she must be!—*I* must be a—but why do I talk of such a deformity as myself! The superior charms of the Marchioness—Oh, Miss LASCELLES, that I could see her!

BUT from whom do you suppose I received this illustrious intelligence?—even from the injured husband himself. The letter of the Marquis is at this minute before me. My eye, even now, fixes upon that part of the epistle where—

OH, Miss LASCELLES, however merited the vengeance which I now perceive hanging over the head of CARLISLE, his life is still precious to me, and I must make an effort at least to prevent the

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 89

the mischief—I thought him, my friend, the very *Tutor of Truth*, instead of which, I behold him the Preceptor of Infamy—yet—for his *life* let it be preserved, that he may *mend* it.

WHAT measure shall I take? There is no time for choice or deliberation—a few hours only are between Captain CARLISLE and Death!—Death!—Death!—Oh, Miss LASCELLES, I am distracted!

LUCIA DE GREY.

L E T T E R CIII.

Capt. CARLISLE to G. LASCELLES, Esq;

(Sent previous to his knowledge of the Marquis's arrival.)

SUCH is my joy since this happy alteration in the posture of affairs at Prudence Place, my LASCELLES, that it is impossible for me to leave it again till the loveliest of women is firmly and irrevocably mine. I have fixed in my mind Saturday next for that blessed change in my condition; against which time I could wish to present the lovely LUCIA DE GREY with certain little elegancies that might shew *my attention*, though they can never add any thing to the graces of *her person*. Do you then, my friend, be my agent upon this occasion. Let *your taste* be consulted, and give *mine* the credit of it. I inclose you an order for five thousand pounds, and I recommend  
you

90 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

you by a line to a person who hath a better *mechanical* knowledge, than you or I, of the true water, and intrinsic excellence of diamonds. This business must be done immediately, and you are not to forget, that in doing it, you oblige LUCIA DE GREY, at the time you oblige

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

L E T T E R C I V.

Miss LUCIA DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

**W**HO, CAROLINE, can say unto misery, thus far shalt thou go and no farther? I am more completely a wretch than ever.

SOON after I had sent away my last, CARLISLE came to pay me the compliments of the day. He paid them with the best dissembled tenderness you ever saw. He congratulated his heart upon the return of its tranquillity—He took my hand, and carried it with a zeal which any woman might have taken for real, to his lips. He even talked with blooming cheeks, upon the day of marriage: he pretended that he suffered unutterable things by delay. He said, he should never be happy till I was his. He absolutely carried the cruel joke so far as to assert, he had commissioned your brother to purchase decorations for the joyful day?

THIS seemed a proper opportunity to draw up the curtain, and discover the first scene of his farce. Oh what a dialogue!

“ I THINK,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 91

" I THINK, Mr. CARLISLE, you wrote some letters to my father from the house of a Marquis of N. during your residence at Rome?"

" I DID, Madam—I did, my dear LUCIA."

" You spoke, I think, occasionally of the Marchioness his Lady?"

" I DID. She is a charming woman. Except LUCIA DE GREY, I never saw a lovelier."

" Pshaw, your exception is a flattery. Is she sensible?"

" SHE is, beyond imagination."

" You were upon very good terms, no doubt?"

" THE best in the world. I have sat the whole evening conversing with her upon the subjects even of science."

" A *learned* Lady then!"

" RATHER *accomplished* than learned: she wants, however, that gentleness which distinguishes the lovely LUCIA DE GREY."

" You left her, certainly, with regret?"

" HAD it not been for LUCIA DE GREY,  
whom

92 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

whom I fondly expected to see, it might have been so."

"Is she still at Rome, Captain CARLISLE?"

"I FANCY not, LUCIA. The Marquis visits in Rome, but his home is Paris. Though the Marchioness herself is a native of England, and I had the pleasure to revive her acquaintance with her own language so much, that she now speaks it as fluently as the French and Italian."

"THOSE were agreeable *tete-a-tetes*. Pray did she never express any desire to see her native country?"

"OH often—almost every hour."

"WAS it not incumbent on your politeness, CLEMENT, to offer them a—"

"I DID; but the Marquis was obliged to take a journey to the interior part of Italy."

"THE Marchioness accompanied him, no doubt?"

"No, she was ill at that time with a cold, and did not go with the Marquis."

"I PROTEST I should not have been surprized if she had, in such an absence, played truant,  
and



and come over to her native country with you,  
CLEMENT?"

"WITH me—LUCIA—come over with me  
—Why that, you know, would have been—a—a—"

"LIKE a woman of spirit, that is all. I dare  
say now, CLEMENT, if you would but confess,  
this *has* been the case."

"How can you think so?—what reason in  
nature have you—to—to—?"

"WHY, not much reason, indted; but a billet  
which I received this morning, mentions a Lady  
that, in some degree, allowing for the alteration,  
as Mr. HENRY HEWSON says, answers the de-  
scription of the Marchioness."

"MAY I—may I beg permission to peruse  
your billet, LUCIA?—Is it from—"

"'TIS from a quite new correspondent, and,  
by-the-by, there is a small inclosure for you.  
Here are both."

I GAVE him, Miss LASCELLES, the Marquis's  
letter.

"IT is very true, Miss DE GREY," said he,  
without any emotion, after reading them, "that  
the Marchioness is at present under my protec-  
tion;

94 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

tion ; and it is true also that she came to England, though not with me, very soon after me."

"Is it? then the Marquis is not angry without cause?"

"IT is a painful circumstance to relate, my dear LUCIA, though there is no guilt on either side. You will excuse me on the subject. I beg you will, for a few hours, keep the matter from Mr. DE GREY, and all the rest of the family. I shall certainly wait upon the Marquis, and accommodate every thing. She is still worthy of his affection."

DID you ever, CAROLINE, see *guilt confessed*, carried with so high a hand? He is so habituated, I suppose, to crimes of this nature, in his Italian connexions, that he thinks nothing of it. 'Tis, in his notion, I dare say, an innocent freedom, and not seduction. Was there ever so composed a libertine? He has just made his bow, without any other sort of disorder, and walked off.—Let him fight, CAROLINE! let him fall—I hate the sight of him—I—I—I—oh, my God, my God, what a wretch I am!

LUCIA DE GREY.

L E T T E R C V.

From the Same to the Same.

AH, CAROLINE, CAROLINE! I renounced the barbarous reflection—I shuddered at the horrid idea

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 95

idea of CLEMENT CARLISLE's death. This moment have I sent the inclosed to that ungenerous man. I wait the issue with anguish inexpressible.

Adieu. Adieu.

[The Inclosed.]

From Miss DE GREY to Captain CARLISLE.

SIR,

**I** CONJURE you to preserve your life, or at least not to risque the loss of it. Do not meet the Marquis Ah, what have I said? Have I recommended cowardice to my—to—to Mr. CARLISLE? Yet, what can courage do to the man of conscious guilt? it can, at best, only aggravate guilt by precipitating death to the man who is already wronged. I charge you to—to—I know not what to say to you, Captain CARLISLE. You have murdered the peace of the unhappy

LUCIA DE GREY.

## L E T T E R C V I.

From the Same to the Same.

**H**E *will* go, Miss LASCELLES—He talks with firmness and the coolest fortitude of his innocence. He even accuses me of an unkind suspicion. He hath that *philosophy* of assurance, if I may so call it, to confront conviction. Yet, I am cheered at the idea—Ah! if it should *indeed* be possible for his avowed innocence to appear—if it should indeed be possible—

ALAS!

96 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

ALAS! it is *not* possible. Is she not *under his protection*? Is she not the handsomest woman in *Italy*? Is not her husband at hand to take vengeance on the seducer?

BUT yet, who knows what softening circumstances may at length turn out, on the side of Mr. CARLISLE—In the mean time he may, perhaps, fall a victim to appearances—Oh, what agony besets me on either side!—Why, CAROLINE, do you not write to the wretched

LUCIA DE GREY?

L E T T E R CVII.

From the Same to the Same.

IT strikes ten o'clock—We have just risen from supper. CARLISLE did the honours of the table (my father choosing to sup in his room) with as much grace and composure as ever. He was neither more dejected nor elated than usual; and he behaved to me, as if an upbraiding sentiment had never past between us. He was dressed in his new regimentals—His Colonel's commission is come down. I think I never saw him look so lovely—He says it seems awkward to be called Colonel.

SURELY he must—he *must* be innocent, and if he *is*—O, Heavens! he is gone out of his room: I heard his door shut—Excuse me, CAROLINE, I must not lose sight of him. If he goes,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 97

goes, I have a foreboding that he will fall—  
What then remains for your

LUCIA DE GREY?

P. S. I dare not acquaint my father.

L E T T E R CVIII.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

THE obstinate Marchioness hath rejected all nourishment till this day, with a pertinacious violence and resolution peculiarly her own. I was alarmed even for her life, and her death would at this conjuncture of affairs, be the most unreasonable thing that could possibly happen. This apprehension is removed by the receipt of the inclosed billet—You will *there* see the terms upon which she requested CARLISLE's direction. You will see too that it would have been impolitic in me, under such circumstances (and especially as she must be too feeble to stir abroad), to stand out with her. Besides this, I have her *under guard*; the trusty MARYANNE will not suffer a second escape. The Marchioness seems much more composed. She does not beat her beautiful bosom; she does not loudly lament her fate as before: the maid is this moment passing my room, in her way to the apartment of my poor sick CAROLINE, with assurances of AUGUSTA's tranquillity--Thus far, therefore, there is a treaty betwixt me and agony. But this is only



98 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

only guarding against the enemy in one quarter, while one is more open to his attack in another. The Marquis is certainly hovering about—Perhaps he is gone down with the sword of Italian-taught revenge even to Prudence Place ; upon that supposition the utmost confusion, if not, the most complicated death succeeds : upon that supposition too, I am not safe in this house a moment. I know not what to do ! let me think a little.

GEORGE LASCELLES.

[The Inclosed.]

From the Marchioness to Mr. LASCELLES.

THE Marchioness will be quite easy, and will submit with the greatest patience to her confinement, if Mr. LASCELLES will give her some such written testimony as may be convincing, that the person of CARLISLE is not in imminent danger—If it *is* in danger, the Marchioness will never more, during her whole life, complain, if Mr. LASCELLES will warn that gentleman of his real situation by forwarding the card inclosed by a special courier.

AUGUSTA N.

To Captain CARLISLE.

SIR,

ONE whom it seems you *desest*, and who is, in your opinion a *wanton*, takes this method of informing

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 99

forming you, that, while you continue in England, your *life* is at a hazard from the Marquis of N. As you value that, therefore, go immediately to some place of safety, where you are not the object of an assassin. You will think I am sincere in this counsel, when I further inform you that the *chamber* of AUGUSTA would be the only part of the world, where the tenderness of that foolish wanton dare not now wish you.

AUGUSTA N \* \* \*.

### L E T T E R C I X.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

**L**ET no man despair, HEATHCOATE, let him rather put his trust in this maxim of the song,

“The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.”

Blessed be the hand of the postman, and may he ever travel through the winter night in security, for bringing me so many cordials. Oh, HEATHCOATE, how infinitely are our pains and pleasures dependent upon half a sheet of paper, made legible by so insignificant a thing as a goose's feather!

“Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid.”

But I have not time for either sentiment or poetry. Would you believe it, my friend? all is quiet at Prudence Place. CARLISLE's affair with his

## 100 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

LUCIA goes on smoothly, and he has absolutely inclosed me an order for five thousand pounds to—to—to—what do you think?—even to purchase jewels for the day of marriage. Could I possibly have a greater proof of nothing having yet happened respecting the Marquis?—But on the other hand, this general quietus cannot much longer be expected. We shall certainly soon have a fresh alarm: the present calm I take to be only one of those which succeeds one tempest, and foretels another. Take my word for it, the clouds are again collecting, and will again break, perhaps with more fury than ever—This then is the moment to strike some master-stroke—'This is the time to—to—soft! let me again think a little.

### In Continuation.

*Te Deum*, my friend, *Te Deum*! it is found—it is found!—You and I are in cursed situations. We have absolutely *elbowed* ourselves out of every thing. Our very liberty is become precarious; but our friendship has been as firm, as our conduct has been cautious. We have won and lost together. At present Fortune is kind, and hath put into our hands *five thousand trumps*. A curse upon character, while we have these golden *honours*. Now then, my friend, now while the *odd trick* is ours, let us repair all by one lucky hit. My sister has a morsel of independency, enough for the subsistence of such a character—

The

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 101

The Marchioness will, either by Heaven, or by her husband, be soon provided for: CARLISLE is rich enough to *lose* a sum of 5000*l*.—We are poor enough to *find* it acceptable—You understand me All is *still* in my house—I am going to slip on a riding-dress—I shall desire to see you in the same situation exactly at——

PEACE—peace! by Heaven, HEATHCOATE, it is not yet too late to improve our winning cards four-fold. It is not too late to observe my appointment with Sir ANDREW. I am sure four horses will carry me to the edge of the village, at least an hour before the appointment: in half that time I will contrive a secret party with Sir ANDREW, and make with him such terms of fighting, as shall not only *purse draw*, but *draft-draw* him. Here is one of the tribe of Benjamin, who will give me solid monies for his slimy paper, HEATHCOATE. These preliminaries being settled, he will naturally leave me in expectation of the battle-loving MEDWAY; and in that moment, my friend, will I—but hush, as MEDWAY says, no noise—Leave every thing to me. Be ready. I shall put this letter into the office, where I take chaise, and if occasion sees fit, shall dispatch others upon the road, or even by especial messengers, for you know how I act in a *plot*. Adieu—I shall press this with my seal and be gone—Adieu—I could not help listening at AUGUSTA's door—all quiet there—CAROLINE almost snores—MARYANNE winks in her

wicker chair—I have *stript* the house. It is a mere shell, so now I will leave it—again

Adieu.

### L E T T E R CX.

'The Marchioness of N \* \* \* to Signora ———  
at Rome.

**B**E it sufficient apology to you for my late silence, that I tell you I have been a prisoner till within this hour, without the privilege of getting a letter to the post. Such is the consequence of following the fortunes of the man you love. But on this subject I can speak no more. My strength is almost gone, and yet I am setting out for a journey—The horses are putting to the carriage. It is not to *Rome*. It is not to Paris—No, Signora, it is to the retreat of Captain CARLISLE. Yes, my VIOLA, I have at length obtained his address, his *real* address, and I am going at full speed to make use of it—Be not startled my friend—I set out with no hostile design.—My violent wishes for revenge are all composed now their object is in my power——In *my* power, VIOLA? oh, Heavens, CARLISLE is even in the Marquis's power—Even now *perhaps* there may be an horrid interview—My blood runs cold at the thought—Oh that the horses were ready! They *are*—they *are*!—The postillion opens to me the door—I will take the unfinished letter in my pocket—I will pay double—*double*, VIOLA; I will



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 103

will pay an *hundred fold* for my speed—the life—the precious life of *Carlisle* is in danger—I am gone—

### In Continuation.

THERE is five minutes stop to change horses—the other poor faithful creatures are panting before me—I take up a very bad pen to tell you, that, though I am now travelling in the night, and that a dark one, I travel as a man, and am not without arms. Join with me, VIOLA, to bless the name of MARYANNE—To a poor creature so called am I indebted for at least the chance of saving the loveliest of men—the *chance*! oh, my God, is it then reduced to a chance!—to a bare probability? I would sooner have every other work of nature annihilated, than that the least misery should happen to CLEMENT CARLISLE—Ah! Signora, that the Marquis of N. had been such a man!—I am summoned—the letter must not *yet* be sent away—Adieu.

### In Continuation.

WE are changing again—but I am always somewhat the later, as there is, it seems, a gentleman travelling with equal speed, the same road, and he forestalls the swiftest horses. Perhaps, Signora, it is the *Marquis*—Perhaps every turn of his carriage-wheels precipitates the fate of my CARLISLE—oh horror—horror!—oh that the horses had wings instead of feet—Thank heaven  
they

104 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

they look fleeter than my last—They are pawing and champing the bit proudly before me—I shed tears of joy at the symptom—I move onwards—

In Continuation.

AH! Signora—Signora, I am agitated by ten thousand fears—The person, who is going so furiously before me, proves to be LASCELLES—The maid who released me from my prison-chamber, told me he was gone a different road—What can be the meaning of this?—I have all along described the person of the marquis, but have received no account that answers—Perhaps he may be yet tracing his enemy, as he calls him, through the streets of London, and I may still be so happy as to preserve him——Oh, VIOLA! what a charming thought!

THE pen and ink is with me in the chaise—You must dispense with a hand-writing scarcely legible—

---

I KEEP at proper distance from the carriage of LASCELLES—I have bribed my postilion into implicit obedience——Money seems to do every thing in this country—

---

OH Heavens, VIOLA! we are in the middle of the last stage—LASCELLES increases his pace—How

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 105

—How shall I obtain an interview with CARLISLE? Shall I drive directly to the house and require an audience? Shall I carry to him terror in my look, and insist upon being heard?

AH, no, Signora—Let me not, now that all my unhappy enthusiasm for revenge is over—let me not interrupt the scheme of joy that is carrying on betwixt him and a worthy woman—Why, poor innocent! should her passion be destroyed by mine?—*Her's* is regular—chaste, correct, consistent—*She* never *intentionally* clashed with the unfortunate Marchioness of N\*\*\*.

No, VIOLA, I will never disturb the gentle bosom of another woman, whom I know to be guiltless—Let them be happy, Signora—Let them be happy—I shall be in my grave.

---

I HAVE come to a resolution, VIOLA! I will discharge my carriage before I enter the town, and then wrapping myself up in my coat, walk on, till I enquire out some inn or open house—There will I *write* my fears, and send them to Mr. CARLISLE. If his answer mentions his safety, and his intention to remain so, I will then return to—ah, whither, Signora—I have no house—no fortune—no husband—no friend—

AND shall I depart without even seeing him?—Hard—a very hard trial for me, VIOLA! oh, what feelings oppress me!—No matter—no matter.

106 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

matter—My fatal love has already endangered his precious life, and if I can now save him, I will be content to suffer.

---

LASCELLES paid off his chaise before me—We stopt within a quarter of a mile of the village—I saw him descend—he walk'd briskly on—I hastened to discharge my account—saw both the carriages return homeward, and prepared to follow Mr. LASCELLES—I will follow *his* steps precisely, unless they lead directly to Mr. CARLISLE, and delicacy shall prevail, though the sacrifice were to kill me.

HA! the postman blows his horn—he passes me—he takes my packet, tho' his bags are sealed—I pay for his civility—Upon the chance of my letters getting to Rome, I make use of the wafer I have in my pocket, and send it away.

Oh!—Farewel.

L E T T E R CXI.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

**H**E is gone, Miss LASCELLES, he is gone. I saw him move with the most reserved steps towards the green lane that leads to the horrid scene of rencontre.

I AM

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 107

I AM resolved to pursue him, let the consequence be what it will.

Your

L. D. G.

LETTER CXII.

From the Same to the Same.

**N**EVER surely, Miss LASCELLES, was any scene so complicated with horrors and surprises, as that to which I have just been a witness. I write now in the deepest distress, and in a house of general mourning. In the first place, Miss LASCELLES, your brother is no more—the fair but unhappy occasion of his death is also near her end, and the husband is almost distracted. Ah, my CAROLINE, how I tremble!

BUT it is necessary for me, however painful, to proceed to the minutest of this horrid business.

I TRACED Mr. CARLISLE, unobserved, till he came within view of the spot. I heard somebody advance from behind a tree. It was the Marquis of N\*\*\*. It was too late to discover myself, or to hope any thing from entreaties. They joined and walked together. I went tremblingly behind. CARLISLE told the whole history of the unfortunate AUGUSTA. He attributed the whole to frolic: he protested that she was still under the most sacred protection at:



## 108 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

the house of Mr. LASCELLES in London. He pleaded a thousand apologies—Pledged himself for her fidelity. The Marquis would scarce suffer him to finish a single sentence without interruption: he is the most headstrong man in the world; he execrated CARLISLE as a *seducer*; he even reprobated him as a *coward*. He insisted upon taking his life, if it was not immediately defended. He strode onward to measure the ground.

“A little farther *on* then, Sir,” said he to the Marquis, “this is not a proper place for our, in my opinion, very unnecessary business.—Behind yonder house is a heath, the clash of our weapons will not there be heard.”

I WAS ready to expire, my dearest Miss LASCELLES, at every step, and with very great difficulty escaped observation.

“If it *must* be so, Sir,” continued CARLISLE, “this is the spot.”

AT this moment, Miss LASCELLES, we heard a confused murmur of voices. The sounds came from the other side of a small plantation of firs.

“STOP, Sir,” cried the Marquis—“no witnesses—all fair play, if you please; I do not mean to assassinate you, *Carlisle*; nor shall you assassinate me.”

THEY

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 109

THEY both went to the other side of the plantation—The moon shot forth her ray at the very instant of entering ; and as if Providence designed it so, her beams were beyond comparison bright—Oh earth and heaven, what a scene was opened upon us from removing this curtain of darkness !

IN one part we beheld the persons of Mr. MEDWAY and Mr. LASCELLES, as it proved to be, standing upon the defensive. In another stood the figure of a *stripling* leaning pensively against a fir, as if he were unengaged in the combat, yet chose to be a spectator. At a small distance (yet not sufficiently near to be distinguished for the persons they really were) clustered another groupe, as if they wished rather to see, than to be seen.

“CONFUSION,” said MEDWAY, “we are discovered. If I knew by *whom*, I would annihilate him—Ha!” continued he, looking in the face of his antagonist, “by Heaven, this is not Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.”

“I AM his *friend*, Sir,” said the other, “and I choose to fight for him—Curse on the moon-beams!”—

“GOOD God,” cried CARLISLE, by this time come near enough to recognize him : Is it my friend LASCELLES, whom I behold ?”

“*Carlisle !*”

110 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

"*Carlisle!*" exclaimed Mr. LASCELLES—"is it you?"

"COME, Sir," said the Marquis eagerly, no trifling—my time is precious."

CARLISLE drew his sword.

"OH, ho; hush—hush"—said MEDWAY, "softly—if that's the case—no noise: we are all come upon the same errand, I find. Advance then, every man his bird, and there's an end of it. As to Sir ANDREW, I will chastise him for *himself*, and in the mean time, as you think fit to represent him, I will chastise you for meddling in the quarrels of a fool—Come on, Sir."

HE fired his pistol in a moment: Mr. LASCELLES exchanged the salutation—They were preparing again—The Marquis and CARLISLE began to parry.

MR. LASCELLES seeing this, eagerly threw down his pistol:

"STOP, stop, for Heaven's sake stop," said he to the Marquis—"touch not—lift not your arm against CARLISLE, I charge you—Here, Sir—here into this bosom direct your vengeance—"Tis I, Marquis, I have been the cause of all your misfortune."

THERE

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 111

THERE was no time for expostulation: Mr. LASCELLES caught the sword from the hand of CARLISLE, and insisted upon *first* engaging with the Marquis.

CARLISLE was without arms. MEDWAY hastened to arm him. The Marquis rushed upon him, without regarding LASCELLES.

LASCELLES again threw himself before CARLISLE, and even pushed vigorously at the Marquis. He was at length provoked to begin with your brother, my dear Miss LASCELLES. The very first thrust of the Marquis was fatal, for the weapon passed thro' the side of Mr. LASCELLES into his heart. The Marquis received a wound also in exchange—

YOUR brother had scarce fallen, before the stripling, whom the other objects had prevented from more notice (and who had, indeed, retired farther off upon seeing us) now came forward in a feeble manner, and fell upon the ground almost at the feet of the Marquis.

“DESIST, desist,” said the poor thing, in the most piercing tone in the world——“desist from farther altercation—Here lies, at the point of all her wishes, the unhappy cause of ——”

THE sentence was left unfinished, for the speaker of it fainted away.

Oh,

## 112 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

OH, Miss LASCELLES, it was the Marchioness of N\*\*\* in disguise—She had raised her own beautiful arm against her own charming bosom. The point of a small sword was still sticking there.

I RAN to her relief.

THE Marquis stood fixed in horror, but still looked sullen.

MEDWAY was gone.

CARLISLE was agonized by the most divided attention.

THE Marchioness appeared to be expiring—She requested to be carried to LASCELLES, who was in the same situation—

IT is too hard a task for me, Miss LASCELLES, to recount to you the dreadful particulars of this pathetic scene. It is incumbent upon me, however, to observe, that such circumstances appeared on the part of your brother, by his own dying confession, that as it is impossible for his life to have been happy, you will the less lament him. *You*, however, my dear Miss LASCELLES, he cleared from every imputation that might, in consequence of these discoveries, have been thrown upon you—He confessed his error—he bathed the lovely hand of  
poor



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 113

poor AUGUSTA with his last tears. He received her forgiveness—As for the Marchioness herself—Oh, Miss LASCELLES—words can give you no idea of her situation.

SHE was tremblingly sensible to every thing—She looked tenderly at me, and gave my hand to CARLISLE.

SHE gave it as she lay bleeding before us—We conveyed her to Prudence Place. Her husband is not even yet convinced of his cruelties, yet she kissed his hand—she wondered not, she said, at CARLISLE's preference.

"SUPERIOR beauty added to superior virtue," said she, taking my hand, "might well conquer."

AH, CAROLINE! how I felt this flattery—It went through my very heart—My father wept over her—I never saw an house of so much misery—Poor CARLISLE's condition was more touching than the rest—He execrates himself as the innocent cause of all—The Marquis and he are now together—The Marquis seems not to regard his wound, which is deeper than we imagined—yet he is not so tender as he should be to AUGUSTA. Your brother is laid on CARLISLE's bed—I saw him, a little while since, take his lifeless hand gently, and turn away weeping.

"POOR

114 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

"POOR fellow," said he, afterwards, to me, "the beauty of the temptation was great—his love of the dice may well account for *all* the rest. I loved him much—Let his failings excite no other terror than that of making us the wiser for his example."

HERE, my CAROLINE, is a prospect darkened—Do not believe I can rejoice under such circumstances—Your brother's Corpse will be—Oh, CAROLINE, these are hard subjects—I must resign them to a firmer hand than that of the trembling

LUCIA DE GREY.

L E T T E R CXIII.

MR. MEDWAY TO SIR ANDREW FLIGHT.

SIR,

**T**HOUGH death hath been but too busy in this house within these few hours, I cannot bear to have a trick put upon me without punishing the tricker. You imposed upon me a stranger, whom I might have sent to the shades, without any right so to do. But *you* are yet in the land of the living, and I insist upon justice. You sent a challenge with your own hand. If you do not meet me this night, by the way of hush, without any noise, I will cane a coward all the way from Prudence Place to the Duke of Downderdale's.

HUSH—you comprehend me.

O. MEDWAY.

## L E T T E R CXIV.

Mr. DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

Dear MADAM,

THE tears that flowed from the eyes of LUCIA, as she bade the servant carry a letter with your address to the post, convince me, how sincerely she joins me in deploring the unhappy circumstances of Mr. LASCELLES's death. Yet, what consolation can, in these cases, be offered to you? Notwithstanding your brother's mistakes in other respects, his *fraternal* affection might be very unblemished: if so, you will naturally cast a veil of oblivion over such parts of his character as were concealed from you and his other friends, and you must lament that part of the misfortune which deprives you of a tender relation. LUCIA's society, however, may assist your sense, and smooth your path to that acquiescence which must be obtained. Come therefore, dear Madam, amongst us: or rather, prepare yourself for such a journey. It is not, methinks, adviseable to be here till after the present week. Mr. LASCELLES, with his dying breath, bequeathed his remains to CLEMENT CARLISLE. He requested that the legacy might be accepted as a testimony of Mr. CARLISLE's forgiveness. He will perform his duty to your satisfaction.

OUR

116 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

OUR situation is too painful at this crisis for me to proceed. But let it be considered, for indeed the poet is right,

“ Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,  
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.”

I am sincerely your's,

ROBERT DE GREY.

L E T T E R CXV.

From Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

**W**HAT a peculiarity of disposition marks the Marquis of N\*\*\*! Though his wound, which he received from your brother, is become more alarming, he insisted upon being permitted to go into the apartment of the poor languishing AUGUSTA at a very unseasonable hour of the last night. CARLISLE dissuaded him from this; but soon after he again renewed the subject, and was admitted.

HE shut to the door, and spoke to his lady in a very ungentle manner. We were going to expostulate with him upon the impropriety of this conduct, when he came out of the room, and told us, the Marchioness would be well enough to depart soon—He did not stay for any reply to this strange intelligence, but ran down stairs into the saloon, and from thence into the stable. He insisted

insisted upon his horse, on which, under pretence of taking the air, tho' he was scarce able to sit, he rode away at full speed. He disturbed us, to enjoy this frolic, in the middle of the night; and he has not been heard of since. Surely there never lived so singular a character.

ALAS! the Marchioness is by no means in the recovering way the Marquis represented her. Though her wound was more promising at the last dressing, her fever is rather increased than abated. Yet she has never spoken disrespectfully of this strange husband since her illness. She seemed much relieved, however, at the news of his being gone. "Then," says she, "I shall die in peace: he will not come again to abuse me."

How pathetically, my dear Miss LASCELLES, am I concerned for the life of this lovely woman!—Do not believe I counterfeit: I speak sincerely. Her conduct has a larger apology in the treatment of so barbarous a husband.—Pray Heaven! she may recover.

SINCE I wrote this sentence, I have been at her bed-side, and she cried out—"Oh, Miss DE GREY, how good you are?—Violent as I have been—for which I know you will forgive me—had I *known* Mr. CARLISLE's LUCIA before, I am convinced my veneration for her would have cured me! If I wish to recover, Madam, it is only to shew you my gratitude: indeed it is!"

OH,



118 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

OH, CAROLINE, that she may live, even though the Marquis is unworthy of her, is the prayer of  
Your

LUCIA DE GREY.

L E T T E R CXVI.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. TOWNSEND.

**H**ERE's pretty news for you! A rascally Lord refuses to give me satisfaction, and a villainous Baronet has writ me a challenge, and run away without keeping his appointment. He wanted, moreover, to have bilk'd me by a representative, one LASCELLES, who is killed by another hand, just as he was going to attack me for a sum of money, with a design to send me to the shades, and make off with the price of killing me. There have, also, several other strange things happened in this family of late. There is a wounded Marquis gone just now bleeding away: and his wife is upon her, as I think, death-bed. For this last matter I am much concerned, as she is, even now, a most lovely young creature, and I hate, of all things, that young handsome women should die; though the Marquis, her husband, has no worthy quality belonging to him but his courage. I choose to give up my pretensions to LUCIA. I choose to give her to CARLISLE, because she loves him, I find, better than me. I choose to alter my will in her favour. All these points are so many touches of my humour.

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 119

mour. But as to this Baronet, I must hunt him every where on this side Heaven, till I have him upon his knees. He made his escape ingloriously this morning, and indeed lurked about the house like a scout with a pale face, ever since the death of LASCELLES, his bravado. I will either *pink* him, or *humble* him, TOWNSEND, were he to take refuge under the hoop-petticoat of his aunt DOWNDERDALE. I will not be tricked—Hush—no noise. My honour must be satisfied *another* way; the opportunity is at hand. I would not die with a debt upon my sword for the world. Hush—

O. MEDWAY.

L E T T E R CXVII.

From the Same to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

S I R,

**Y**OU some time ago brought a letter of Affignation from Sir A. F. who is gone off without either drawing his sword or firing his pistol. Which of these do *you* choose? He being gone, the laws of honour require (in my idea) that you should represent him—I must therefore have a shot, or a stroke at you—Hush.

OL. MEDWAY.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

From the Same to T. TOWNSEND, Esq.

**S**URELY, TOWNSEND, it is fated for me to be pestered with rascals! I expected satisfaction

120 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

tion from the cowardly *second* of the vile Sir A. F. and, behold you, I had no sooner intimated my design, than *he* took to his heels also, and sends me the sorry excuse I inclose to you.

BUT, by Heaven, I will have them both on their knees yet—Hush.

O. MEDWAY.

[The Inclosed.]

From Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to Mr. MEDWAY.

Sombre-Hedges.

S I R,

**T**HE most superlative degree of astonishment seized me at the receipt of your letter. As to Sir A. F.'s epistle, I knew not its contents, and I do not find any law in my classic oracles—Tully, Tacitus, and Pliny Junior, not forgetting the golden-ruled Epictetus, which ordains the single combat to be fought by the carrier of a challenge.

BESIDES this, Sir, my authors tell me such battles are criminal, and that he who kills a man by the way of a duel sports with that eternity which he enters upon, without his commission. But you are a very fierce gentleman, and if the sage Socrates himself was to tell you, you were in the wrong, I do not doubt but you would stigmatize the venerable seer as a coward.

T.

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 121

To avoid all these concussions of the soul and body, and to fly from a scene which is no longer fit for a scholar's residence, I have betaken myself away, and send this immediately on my arrival at Sombre-Hedges.

If I have unwittingly offended, Sir, be assured that I implore a thousand pardons; and that I may never offend again, be satisfied also, that I will no more put my head into high places, where the superior powers of the foodful earth are quarrelling in the face of day for want of other avocation.

I am your's,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

## L E T T E R CXIX.

Mr. MEDWAY to the DUKE of DOWN-  
DERDALE.

MY LORD,

**Y**OUR nephew has run away. When I thought of giving him the meeting, I imagined him my equal—that is to say, I imagined him an honest man, who is a prince's equal. But, within these few minutes, I have found him very much *my* inferior, and below my sword, by being—a *villain*; who not only hired a tool to fight for him, but had condescended to lay plots for the *destruction* of the *sex* which he ought to *protect*. This, therefore, is written to acquaint him, that I have, for the future, nothing to do  
with

122 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

with any part of him but his *nose*, which I shall twist as nearly round as possible, when I see him. No noise. Let him keep his secret, and no greater harm will happen to him, from the *supreme indignation of* OLLY MEDWAY.

L E T T E R CXX.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON.

S I R,

COLONEL CARLISLE and Mr DE GREY have interceded with me to accept your apology; you may therefore go safely to bed in Sombre-Hedges, with Pliny Junior, although I have just heard you were bold enough to write a letter to *Lucia* upon a certain subject at a certain time—Hush—you comprehend me. However, let that pass. Read in a corner and keep at home for the future.

You did me justice in supposing I would not take an affront from Socrates. By Heaven I would not brook a wrong *look* from that Cæsar who penned his own commentaries—no, not from Mars himself. Never make a noise, but let *Hush* be your motto. O. MEDWAY.

L E T T E R CXXI.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

NOT a word yet from the unaccountable Marquis, although we wish very much to send him



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 123

him news of his wife's surprising change for the better. By the care of our excellent physician, and by her own previous happy state of health, her wound is healed within a few days to every body's astonishment. Her candid behaviour to me has engaged not only my attention, but my tenderness. She says, she loves Mr. CARLISLE now, just as much as she ought to love an amiable man who is to be the husband of her protectress.

SHE never enquires after the Marquis.

I AM summoned. Make yourself easy for Heaven's sake, my CAROLINE—This request is not more at the heart of your LUCIA, than at that of the beautiful Marchioness, who speaks of you with a warmth of gratitude peculiar to her. Poor thing, I hope we shall nurse her up yet.

Your L. DE GREY.

## LETTER CXXII.

From the Same to the Same.

THE occasion of my being so soon called away from my writing-desk, while I was last addressing my very dear CAROLINE, was to be present at an interview betwixt my father and Mr. and Mrs. HEWSON.

THEY desired a few minutes conversation with me and Mr. DE GREY, in the library. They

124 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

came hand-in-hand. They opened the design of their visit immediately.

“Master DE GREY,” said the husband, “I am obliged to you for all favours, but I have had enough of your high life ; so has HETT : we have seen men killed, women wounded, friends fighting, honest men’s wives attempted to be *’bauched*, and Lords taking pet without *’casson*. So in a few words, HETT and I have *’solved* to go back, and live again at Skelter. As to fine breedin, we’ll make that out as well as we can. Better be *unp’lite*, Master DE GREY, than *’plite* enough to cut friends throat, and *’bauch* friend’s wife : so servant, Master DE GREY, and God be with you.”

My father applauded this resolution, and without any more ceremony they parted.

THEY are at this minute actually on their way to Helter-Skelter-Hall.

THE Marchioness continues to improve. But — soft — There is a servant just dismounting from his horse, whose sides give smocking testimony of the rider’s expedition.

HE is coming into the house — his look and speed alarm me.

In

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 125

### In Continuation.

OH, Heaven, my CAROLINE, the Marquis of N \* \* \* is no more. The messenger delivered a letter to the Marchioness which mentions his *death*. The letter is from a relation of his in London, where he died—The wound being neglected, turned to a mortification, and dispatched him in a few hours—This obstinate man, it seems, shewed his resentment even upon his death-bed, and bequeathed all his fortune to a distant branch of his family—Not a single guinea to his Lady—She read the letter with very little emotion, considering what is said to be his natural violence. But she resolves to go directly to London, feeble as she is, and pay him the last duties. She hazards the air too soon, but she persists. CARLISLE says, she is deprived of every thing by this stroke, but a scanty jointure. I ventured to touch upon this. She frankly said, in answer, that she had sufficient fortune in the loss of a cruel tyrannical husband!

### In Continuation.

No intreaties can prevail upon the Marchioness to stay. She declares she is well. Her fever is indeed gone, but the Doctor says, she risks a relapse. She has paid to my father and me her parting civilities. They were terribly touching, CAROLINE. She suppressed a sigh as she gave her  
her

126 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

her hand to CARLISLE; but she recovered herself, and with incredible resolution got into her chaise, accompanied by Mr. MEDWAY.

PRAY come down to us immediately. With the different transitions from one affecting object to another, I am quite fatigued. I tremble for the Marchioness—I feel for you—I am unhappy to think it should be my fate to interfere with the happiness of another woman. Yet CLEMENT is too dear to be resigned, and poor, frail human nature will prevail.

HASTEN then to comfort the heart of

Your

LUCIA DE GREY?

L E T T E R CXXIII.

Miss LASCELLES to Miss DE GREY.

I WAVE all remarks upon the dark passages of our late correspondence, my dear Miss DE GREY; nor will I admit any strokes of the deeply-wounded heart in this letter, which is only to tell you, that I shall endeavour to be with you directly. I am stricken very hard, it is true, but I am still

Your own

CAROLINE LASCELLES.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CXXIV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

Dover.

I SUPPOSE you know the transactions of MEDWAY, LASCELLES, &c. &c. &c. I am a ruined man—Uncle banishes me—MEDWAY threatens me—Have, however, received a last supply, as uncle calls it, with which I shall set off for Paris—I have crept here like a runaway—the laugh is against me—LASCELLES was a sad dog—However, uncle may still come round, and till he does, farewell to

ANDREW FLIGHT.

## L E T T E R CXXV.

Helter-Skelter-Hall.

Mr. HENRY HEWSON to Mr. GABRIEL.

WE have gotten again to the Hall, brother GAB—sick to the souls of us of the *p'lite* thing. HETT, and I, never saw old Skelter look so well in our lives—What's better, the old moss and stones have not yet been meddled with. Every thing was glad to see us come *whome* again—Dog Dashgrove got grin into's feace, just as thof he was *p'lite*, and I *thouft* spaniel bitch would have lost tail with wagging it at me. I took pointer out, and ha' shotten two brace o'birds,



128 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

half which I send you by carrier. HETT last night made sillabub, and milk'd crumple-horn herself—What do you think of that? She may blest herself she was not *'bauched*, and you, that that son of gun MEDWAY did not *pounce* you—There's doings indeed! A curse on't, a man can neither *keep*'s life nor wife 'mong your *'plite genii*. So much for *bettermost specie*. Afore I come away, I told Master DE GREY a bit of my mind. And atween ourselves, GAB, why should you and I go out of our way, to make fools of ourselves? CARLISLE is, to be sure, a good lad, but as for the rest o' the pack, 'cept Master DE GREY—hush—hush, as MEDWAY says—Never stir, if HETT and I did not lie in clover last night. We snuggled together in old yellow bed upon farmer's sheet of her own working, and we got up better than if we had been ducked in dainty down of *p'liter genii*. I'th' morning, in came neighbour Carter, Tim Traddleditch, Gef. Geehup, and Walter Wake, and ga' the bells a bit of a gangle on the 'cassion. Upon this, I tapt harvest-beer, No. 11. left side of little cellar, where cyder us'd to stand, you know—Upon this, we *'vited* neighbours wives, and Abraham Amen, the clerk, and Davy Dipstick, the 'cise-man, and made a day out—Sure as you're *alive*—for which God be thank'd—HETT and I told the whole story—Never heard so much laugh at the frolic in your life—When I come to talk of *giving hand at gutter work*, I thought old Amen would

## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 129

would ha' gone into *stericks*—and when I talkt 'bout Lord BLESSINGBOURNE's sticking out hinder part, "A'cod," cries Geff. Geehup, "an I had been behind un, I wou'd ha lent un such a *sisseraro*, that his hinder part should ha' remembered me till Candlemas."

BUT to make short of the story, after a deal more merriment, we closed the whole affair by giving boys a *bunfire*; and what do you think we did—? dash my best buttons, if we did not send little black bag, toffcumms, florrididdles, and all into the fire. So here ends the affair of the *bettermost specie*—If you take my advice, GAB, you'll do same. Come and make merry with us. As to our fortun: there is more ways than one to the wood. Let us help poor neighbours—Let us buy bit o' land of one's own—Let us set fatherless he or she up in business—Let us put friendless people in a way—In short, let us do any thing but be *p'lite* and good for nothing. HETT says so too.

Your ever loving brother,

HENRY HEWSON.

## L E T T E R CXXVI.

Sombre Hedges.

Mr. GABRIEL's Answer.

I PERFECTLY approximate to my beloved brother's last sentiments. I see plainly that a  
quiet

130 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

quiet corner, and philosophical soul are the best of blessings. Helter-Skelter-Hall cannot be more dear to you, than Sombre-Hedges are to *him* who is thy tenderly fraternally affectionate friend. I gave an entertainment last night, without sixpence expence, to better society than ever were seen at Prudence-Place, if we except the Colonel, his guardian, and Miss DE GREY. Who, thinketh my brother, was at my banquet? Even some of the greatest men of all antiquity—Homer, Horace, Cicero, and Seneca—*Such* friends will I never more leave, unless it is to visit my relations at Helter-Skelter-Hall.

I WILL suffer the sacred dust again to gather around my dwelling. I will again nurse my frugal blaze, and trim my decent lamp—I will once more plant the pensive yew, the oak o'er shadowing, and the willow grey—Pensive pleasures shall again be mine, and those, who love the bustling of the world, shall not, if they are *pinch'd*, want a protector—Yes, HENRY—beloved HENRY—I am now refix'd for life—My old woman shed a tear at my return—my cat rubb'd, fondling, her tabby sides against me, and, if it had been possible, my dog would have spoke my welcome.

AGAIN are you addressed by the dusky gentleman of Sombre Hedges, who is resolved to play no more the truant.

My *bag* (and other instruments of my folly)  
I shall

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 131

I shall not *burn*, but I have fixed it, in the deepest disgrace, upon a peg opposite my study, that it may ever be saying, or seeming to say unto me—  
Oh GABRIEL, GABRIEL, be contented with thy own hair, and the best authors; though thou wert to be tempted by bags of *gold* instead of silk—

Adieu.

GABRIEL HEWSON.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

Mr. MEDWAY to Colonel CARLISLE.

(Dated two months after his departure from Prudence-Place.)

Dear Colonel,

I HAVE been the constant companion of this charming widow ever since we left your house. There is something about her that attaches me to her but no circumstance so much, as that she has lost her fortune, and buried the fellow, who deprived her of it, decently. I do not know how it is, but she has got a stronger hold of my heart than ever your LUCIA had. The plague of it is, I suspect, she still likes you—yet I struck a bold stroke yesterday.

MARK it.

“HUSH, hush, AUGUSTA,” said I, “it is not to be expected that OLLY MEDWAY should please your eye, after such a fine-formed fellow

# 132 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

as CLEMENT CARLISLE, but he is engaged, you know—With respect to the Marquis, no noise, child about him. He is not worth keeping terms of mourning with—I despise the black custom of seeming to lament, when one ought to jump for joy—Now the case stands thus: Can you behave well enough to OLLY MEDWAY, not to call him at every third word CLEMENT CARLISLE? If you say you don't love the said CLEMENT, I should hate you: but can you take for a husband a man who loves him as much as *you* ought?"

"I BELIEVE, for *his* sake, and Miss *De Grey's*," replied she, sighing, "I could."

"BUT what do you sigh for then?"

"P'SHAW——will Mr. MEDWAY comply with my terms?"

"NAME them."

"WILL he reconduct me to the house of Signora \_\_\_\_\_, at Italy?"

"No noise—Shall I order a chaise to the door?"

"Yes."

"Hush."

DAMN



## THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 133

DAMN it, CARLISLE, she sigh'd *again*. But what a poor reduced rascal I must be! I like her well enough to take her any way.

"You must excuse," said she, "now and then a sigh—Even Miss DE GREY did not frown at me for that."

CONFUSION, CARLISLE, a tear which I caught upon my lip, followed this remark. But what's a more childish trick still, the water came running from my eyes too.

WILLING to get her a thousand miles from Prudence-Place, I am going to order a chaise.

I KNOW no more than you, what will be the result of it; but I will follow my humour, were it to lead me to the end of the earth and the water.

I RECEIVED your two letters, but pray keep your money for other purposes—There is no occasion to make the woman more uneasy by your damned presents.

*Her* affairs are now *mine*: and whether she is ever nearer to me than she is now, no man shall dare to be her banker but

OLLY MEDWAY.

L E T.

## L E T T E R CXXVIII.

From the Same to the Same.

Rome.

**W**E are with Signora ——— AUGUSTA sigh'd, for the first six hundred miles of the journey, every half hour—the rest of the way, pretty well.—I have been with her to all her old friends—I have totted after a fair face like a chit of nineteen—But she does not sigh above once a week—She suits my humour to a hair. I shall certainly have her in a short time—at least by the hand, and, if you don't interrupt me, perhaps by the heart—Send word when you are married—That will be my cue. If you ever come to Rome, I will move with the Marchioness further still, and if you resolve to pursue me, I will cut your throat. I did intend to give my money to *your* LUCIA, but I shall now give it to *my* AUGUSTA. Hush—I'll follow my humour. Hush—I am a man of few words; and the Marchioness loves me the better for it. Unless you die, which I don't wish, I will never return to England. No—no—Colonel, let us be good friends at a distance. No noise.

OLLY MEDWAY.

L E T.

L E T T E R CXXIX.

Colonel CARLISLE to Mr. MEDWAY.

Prudence-Green.

**T**HEN all may again be well. Your letters charm me. AUGUSTA will every day become more sensible of MEDWAY's merit, and her good heart will be wholly his. What a load is now removing from LUCIA and your friend! Felicity seems once more to be flying towards Prudence-Place—Sir ANDREW FLIGHT has wisely decamped: MEDWAY and the Marchioness are in the way I most wish them: the HEWSONS are got home—Miss LASCELLES is so far composed to consent to live with her LUCIA: and Mr. DE GREY is better than he has been for some time.

WHAT then remains?

AH, my friend, need you be told?

THE greatest blessing of your CLEMENT's life remains.

TO-MORROW will LUCIA DE GREY be mine *for ever!*

You will not expect me to proceed?

VOL. II.

M

WHAT

136 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

WHAT could I possibly say more? yes, my dear MEDWAY, I will venture to add farther this one sentence.

HOWEVER hypocrisy may flourish for a time, even its happiest moments are clouded, and *Truth* shall at last prevail.

I am,

Dear MEDWAY,

Your very affectionate,

And obedient,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

F I N I S.

---

*Speedily will be Published,*

By C. JACKSON,

THE

PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By the AUTHOR of the

TUTOR OF TRUTH.